



## EXCLUSIVE Phil Spector Speaks!

The reclusive legend on the birth of rock 'n' roll, John Lennon, and the dead body in the foyer

By Scott Raab

# Esquire

Man at His Best // July 2003

**Arnold >**  
The Next  
Governor  
of California.  
Really.

**American  
Music 2003**

WHAT'S GOOD,  
WHAT BLOWS &  
WHAT TO BUY

A Salute to  
Our British Allies!



**PLUS:**

**New Fiction by  
Arthur Miller**

**The Dubious  
Achievements  
of Science**

**Life Lessons from  
Gary Busey**

\$3.00 U.S.  
\$3.99 CANADA  
\$3.99 FOREIGN  
WWW.ESQUIRE.COM



A silver Mercedes-Benz E-Class sedan is parked in a fashion atelier. In the foreground, a mannequin stands next to a tailor who is measuring a garment. In the background, another person is working on a machine. The scene is lit with dramatic, low-key lighting, emphasizing the car's design in a sophisticated, high-fashion environment.

Style. Unlike any other.

Every Mercedes-Benz is designed to the most exacting specifications, then crafted with attention to the last 1/16 of an inch.

Fully expect your expectations to be raised. Call 1-800-FOR-MERCEDES. Or visit MBUSA.com

MSRP starts at \$35,000 MSRP with optional Dealer Package. Prices change over time and vary.





(CONTENTS)

**8 The Sound & the Fury**  
**10 Contributors**

**13 Man at His Best**  
George Washington's  
whiskey Gary Bussey on  
manhood, swamp-test-  
ing the mosquito sprays,  
and the truth about  
Catherine the Great.  
Plus: a briefing on steamy  
Charlotte Ayanna.

**34 The Screen** Here's the new  
world of film. Is an independent  
movie really a movie? Has it been  
found? Or is it still the way  
they've always done it? (BY ROB CARLIN)

**40 Sex** Advice on getting in bed,  
the new rules of the new sex  
scene, and what to do if you're not  
into it. (BY ANNE KATZ)

**42 10 Things You Don't  
Know About Women** The  
author of *The Devil Wears Prada*  
shares the secrets of their sex.  
(BY LAUREN WOODWARD)

**45 The Industry Warner**  
James L. Brooks is the new  
voice of the industry. The studio  
system has been down for  
years. But now, the new voice  
is here. (BY JEFF LABRECQUE)

**50 The Body** How big have  
we become? Is it just for  
the sake of the camera? Or  
is it just for the sake of the  
camera? (BY JEFF LABRECQUE)

**54 The Five-Minute Guide  
to Evolution** With a little  
help from the new book,  
you can learn about the  
evolution of the human  
species. (BY JEFF LABRECQUE)

**56 The Index** A good read  
is a good read. And a good  
read is a good read. And a  
good read is a good read.  
(BY JEFF LABRECQUE)

**126 This Way Out** The best  
of the best. (BY JEFF LABRECQUE)

"What to wear with a miniskirt," page 100. "Catherine the Great," page 13. "The Sound & the Fury," page 8. "Contributors," page 10. "The Screen," page 34. "Sex," page 40. "10 Things You Don't Know About Women," page 42. "The Industry Warner," page 45. "The Body," page 50. "The Five-Minute Guide to Evolution," page 54. "The Index," page 56. "This Way Out," page 126.

continued from previous page



# Style

Fred Perry's underground English cool, the rugby shirt as office casual, and the new classic sneakers (**The Guide, page 28**). The miniskirt is making a comeback, and we're certainly not complaining. But what's that mean for you? (**What to Wear with a Miniskirt, page 100**). Esquire takes a weekend trip to a suburban promised land to showcase well-heeled casual American style (**New Canaan, Connecticut, page 112**).

More things a man should know about style: [esquire.com](http://esquire.com) | [esquire.com](http://esquire.com) | [esquire.com](http://esquire.com)

The tooth fairy?  
Leprechauns?  
A credit card that helps  
you balance your finances?

Get Cards  
come with tools  
that can actually  
help you live within  
your means

Like billing dates  
you set yourself

And Account Online  
which helps you  
track how and  
where you spend

Just a few  
more ways Citi  
helps you  
know the rules  
be informed and

spend wisely

1-800-CITICARD  
citicard.com



**citi**  
Live richly.™



# Esquire

AMERICAN GENTLEMAN 1953 - PRESENT

David Granger

Editor: David Granger, Publisher: John Granger

Executive Editor: John Granger, Managing Editor: John Granger

A. J. Granger

John Granger

Production Manager: David Granger, Production Editor: David Granger

Design: David Granger

Senior Editor: David Granger, Senior Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger

Art Director: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger, Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger, Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger, Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger, Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger, Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger, Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger, Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger, Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger, Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger, Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger, Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger, Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger, Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger, Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger, Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger, Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger, Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger, Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger, Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger, Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger, Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger, Photo Editor: David Granger

Photo Editor: David Granger

Ravazzolo  
HAND CRAFTED IN ITALY  
www.ravazzolo.com

BARCELONA San Francisco and Bay Area - CA  
BOSTON Philadelphia - PA  
DALLAS Highland Park - IL  
DAVIS FOR MEN Chicago - IL  
DENVER BALDING New York - NY  
D FINE Chicago - The Museum - Los Angeles - NY  
GALAPAGOS Galapagos - IL  
GOLDENROCK Gold Coast - IL  
GREENSBORO Tampa - FL  
GUTTA FELDERIA Boca Raton - FL  
HAWAII HAWAII Woodside Village - CA  
MALLARADA Dallas - TX  
MOVA GEORGIO Phoenix - AZ  
MONDO LOMO & DONNA Naples - FL  
NEUTRON (OTTO) Houston - TX  
PAPILLON New York - New York - NY  
SAN CARLO San Carlo - NY  
UTAH WOODEN MILLS Lake City - UT

Our name for the U.S.A.  
LUCIANO MORESCO & CO LTD  
NEW YORK, NY 10019  
Phone 212-874400

MOVADO  
The art of time



pete roman, grand slam legend  
movado is a registered trademark of Movado Group, Inc.  
silver dial, sapphire crystal, stainless steel case, water resistant  
www.movado.com



macy's

**THE MAY ISSUE** featured former New York mayor and straight-talking man of the world Rudy Giuliani on the cover, which yielded strong and divided opinions from readers. While Arthur H. Prince of Memphis praised the piece and noted Giuliani's clear-sighted assessment of the Middle East, Mohammed Gani of Laguna Niguel, California, called him a "narcissistic, false hero." Such a divided response, one suspects, is just as the mayor would have it.

#### An Obscure Education

Also in the May issue, contributing editor Tom Chiarella's searing essay describing his high school experience of being sexually abused by a teacher ("My Education") disturbed the diaries of readers from the incident and prompted an impassioned response.

Chiarella's article was heartbreaking, but, as many of those who attacked Catholic schools know sexual abuse was not uncommon. We all know what went on way away from and what it meant when you were called to his office after hours. I didn't even occur to me until the publicity that it wasn't just the normal way of things. The church was always right. The pope and the priests were infallible, and he was it to think about, let's leave a question, what they were doing to my friends behind closed doors?

ANONYMOUS  
Columbus, Ohio

As a student of McQuard Jesuit High School, I read Chiarella's article with trepidation. Mr. Tobin is deceased and unable to defend himself; the described priest is unnamed, and the author's diaries at the Catholic Church is a passport throughout the story. I was close to Mr. Tobin as well as many other teachers and priests. And the stipulations and instructions in the article do not reflect the school and faculty that I knew during the mid-1980s.

CHRISTOPHER MEDELLANO  
Lima, N.Y.

I went to school in suburban Rochester New York, just a few years after Chiarella. Like him, I kept my experiences to myself—never telling my family, and friends, therapists, or others—and chafed at the idea of attending support groups. I've brought these events to light clearly over the past year. Now, at age thirty-seven, I'm able to sort through these events. Thank you, Mr. Chiarella.

ANONYMOUS  
Walshburg, Wis.

I certainly understand the tragic events that went on in the author's life. However, his unvarnished attack on members of the Society of Jesus is unfair. Coming from a family that has been previously educated by the Jesuits and having spent seven years in their schools, I believe they are among the world's finest educators, missionaries, and persons of the young and the poor. By writing a malicious diatribe like "My Education," the author leaves the Jesuits and asserts they knowingly allowed the late Mr. Tobin to remain in the classroom. Misconduct is perfect, and to denigrate the Society of Jesus is appalling.

HOWARD T. OWENS JR.  
Bridgewater, Conn.

#### The Happy Couple

Contributing editor film Masters wrote in *The Industry* (May) about producer Scott Rudin's business relationship with the movie world, and with Paramount Pictures in particular, with whom, it seemed, he might be breaking up. Rudin responds:

To further clarify some conclusions a reader might reach upon reading Masters's article, please know that both sides have decided, happily, not to seek divorce, for the sake of the children. There is simply too much good history between us, and too much desire to ensure a lot more good work together for us to do anything other than what we have always done: work it out. I'm sorry to disappoint the prognosticators, but the smart money sits on the square that places me somewhere on a big blue mountain and keeps me there for the foreseeable future.

SCOTT RUDIN  
New York, N.Y.

#### The Arsen Corner

When Robert Ransone suggested in the *May issue* ("The Fighting Man, Goli") that the good money was on Mike Weir to win the Masters, many readers thought he was crazy. Now they think he's divine.

Ransone is a great betting man. But is he Goli? Who does he mean "the under Mike Weir"? How many and go to hell? How did he do that? Putting the winner of the Masters has got to be the toughest nut to crack. And, I am, believe.

SAMI KUDERF  
Parsippany, N.J.

Letters to the editor may be mailed to The Sound and the Fury, Esquire, P.O. Box 990, Hingham, Massachusetts 02043. Letters requesting the return of a subscription should be sent to Esquire, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020. Letters may be e-mailed for length and clarity.



Bombay Sapphire Master  
by Vladimir Knapik

SAPPHIRE INSPIRO



**THINGS WE WON'T BE COVERING THIS MONTH** Occurs at *Occupy*: Deepak Chopra & Friends Present a Musical Value from the Divine featuring performances by Christy Turlington and Jay Leno. **K**, an upcoming New York lounge from Southern California: Schia da Firenze. **The director's cut** DVD of *Swimming*: The director's cut DVD of *Swimming*. **On the** *Witcher* with CD (review): **ATMOSPHERE**, full-on rock machine replete with high ballistics designed to impress the chicks.

## (Contributors)

In considering the most-recoverable actor here in movie history, writers Jennie Marie Leback and Robert Simon captured Arnold Schwarzenegger through two seemingly different lenses: editor and politician. The juxtaposition of their stories came to reveal the complex relationship between those two sides—as did photographer SAM JONES's photos of the actor “since he’s thinking about running for governor of California, the idea was to show him as the scar-stomping man and as a politician,” says Jones, who early in his career shot politicians for the Associated Press and has photographed seven presidents. “Politics are so much about public perception, and a movie star can easily make the transition because the public already has a perception of him.” Jones’s career has developed a dichotomy of its own: between photography and filmmaking, his critically acclaimed documentary *I Am Trying to Break Your Heart*, about the making of the rock band Alice’s most recent record, has been released on DVD. As for “The Amazing Arnold, Part One and Two” (which begins on page 58, Jones also shot a number of more straight-forward portraits of the man, one of which appears on the cover), “it almost all the responses covers you see of Schwarzenegger: he’s a linxgloss and as a superhero, so I wanted to take some pictures that were just him, with all that stuff stripped away,” Jones says.



every month as the offices at *Esquire* become cluttered with racks of the clothing that will be hitting stores three or four months later. One fellow staff member imagines how to make the collection cohesive into a cohesive story. When senior fashion editor MICHAEL KUCMERZSKI surveyed the array of sports and casual clothing coming out for this summer, he saw that it had a “polished edge.” He then imagined how it would fit on Connecticut’s suburban fathers and sons. “It’s loosely based on the whole *Joe Shmoe* movie concept,” says Kucmerzski, who has been a stylist of *Esquire*’s fashion department for more than four years. “So we went to New Canaan, where we knew we could pull it off.” In that consummately suburban town, Kucmerzski helped shape all aspects of the shoot, visiting the Outback teen center to find young men who would model alongside their fathers in the story. “They were really great people, great subjects,” Kucmerzski says of the locals who helped bring the idea of suburban life he imagined to vibrant life on the page. The resulting style feature begins on page 32.



“It’s a child of the 1980s, so I love anything to do with British mod culture,” says photographer GREG DELVES, explaining his choice to use the style of that decade as the theme for the February story “What to wear with a blazer” (page 100). “I love Mini Coopers and cars and such, so I valued if they could give me a Cooper and a blazer to shoot the models on.” Although this month’s story has its decided-in-London aesthetic, it was shot entirely in New York, where Delves, an Aussie, moved about six years ago. Even more provocative, perhaps, than the mod style Delves created for his photographs was his decision to focus solely on his models’ lower halves, concentrating on the story’s themes—mini-skirts and men’s shoes. “We wanted to get the focus on those,” says Delves. “Of course I think it’s more interesting to shoot this way, as you concentrate less on the face and the face and the emotions going on. The challenge and the fun of the composition is it’s still an interesting composition, not just a leg-and-shoe.”



“I always dreamed that someday I’d be able to write a profile of a guy whose music legacy is more mental and whose person has been utterly atrocious to my,” says writer at large SCOTT BAARS of legendary music producer Phil Spector, with whom Baars has developed a relationship over the past three years. “I imagined it would be a personality profile that paid attention to the music, but also to the person.” On February 3, 2003, Spector was arrested for the alleged homicide of Lana Clarkson, a long-year-old actress who was found dead in the foyer of his Los Angeles home. Spector was released from jail later that day, and he has not been charged. So after stamping for years to persuade Spector to cooperate on a profile, Baars was surprised to obtain his agreement at what seemed the least likely moment: as the immediate wake of the media circus that descended on Spector following Clarkson’s death. Spector refused Baars to give him on his go for a right from it. A. In New York, their long conversations, during that trip, along with others that followed, provided the basis for a remarkable portrait that goes well beyond recent headlines. “Everyone assumes the guy’s in jail, and the media has already moved on to last Peterson,” says Baars, “but this guy still has an amazing and telling life.” “So My Be Myself” begins on page 10.



## GET EVERYTHING YOU'D EXPECT FROM A NEW CAR, EXCEPT FOR THAT WHOLE DEPRECIATION THING.

When you buy a Certified Pre-Owned Lexus, you'll receive rates and terms more typical of new vehicles.\* You will also get the Lexus of warranties — three years from your date of purchase or 100,000 total vehicle miles! And, if you should ever require warranty service, a complimentary loaner car will be provided!† Yes, aside from the ordinary new vehicle's inevitable loss in resale value, there is really not that much of a difference between the two. Well, that is unless you wanted to count the lower sticker price. Visit your Lexus dealer today.



\*Only New & Used Lexus models will qualify for the lowest finance rates. The price shown Certified Pre-Owned Lexus for warranty details. †Where there are no available or specified vehicles, respectively. © 2003 Lexus, a Division of Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Lexus vehicles are in some models, some states. In some states, a separate rate of interest may apply and may vary.



Clean it up with Orbit.



# Man at His Best

\*Charlotte  
Ayanna

**HERE, THE ESSENTIAL**  
 Ayanna should  
 know about Charlotte  
 Ayanna so that he can  
 find his own during  
 upcoming Charlotte  
 Ayanna-centered  
 quickie conversations  
 in Ayanna, who lived  
 in her last night in her  
 adolescent years, stayed  
 in for the Miss Teen USA  
 competition in 1993 as an  
 all-star but was her  
 co-champion director  
 Ayanna. The  
 director never said,  
 as she is the only actress  
 who has won the  
 "She's All I Ever Had,"  
 in a native of New York,  
 she changed her last  
 name from Lopez to  
 Ayanna, which she took  
 to Charlotte for almost  
 as the last before to lo-  
 lose to the world's best  
 in "single and broken,"  
 as she's starring in the  
 just released Lucie-  
 hard thing, as a biology  
 biology graduate  
 director from New  
 director Ayanna is  
 as she is not nearly  
 Victorian in her attitude  
 about women's rights,  
 giving that her  
 topless scenes with  
 Brady were "pretty  
 liberating. I don't have a  
 problem with my body."  
 —PETER MURPHY



JULY: Dirty Images is back, getting a man (p. 16), the  
 most like a woman (p. 20), and the  
 actress Ayanna (p. 24)



(the awards)

(man at his best)

### Most Disturbing Sex Trivia

★ "In 1935 a sixteen-year-old boy electrocuted himself after trying to make a masturbatory device by connecting a cow's heart to the fusebox."

- "Diesel Dick" is an involuntary erection caused by engine vibration. It's often suffered by truck drivers.
- "After running short of cash, a Russian rubber factory in Volgograd had to pay its workers in condoms."

—From the new book, *Sex: A User's Guide*, by Stephen A. Amstutz

### (5) Best Business Niche We Didn't Know Existed

"At last—a conservative alternative to Ben & Jerry's. Like millions of your fellow Americans, you enjoy ice cream but do NOT enjoy seeing your money funneled to wackoleft wing causes. The result is Star Spangled Ice Cream, an exquisitely delicious hand-crafted super-premium ice cream."  
—from starspangledit.com

824 J. A. M. Jansen et al.

### Best Sentence

**Best Sentence** 'To me Woolcott was such a pompous Grand Man that his own daily parade that all men wanted to put banana peels in his path, and all the ladies he praised and insulted in the same sentence wanted to kick him up when he fell.'

—From *The Thunder Letters*, a collection of James Thurber's epistles, in which he discusses Alexander Woollcott and his *Review*.

the 9 most remarkable things in culture this month



### Best Fatherhood Memoir

Three. I run the idea over and over in my mind, but it hardly makes sense. Three new children sound magical, biblical, Bladenrunnerish. One day soon I will wake up and discover three additional people living in my house. They will look like me, have my last name, and depend on me. It will be an invasion from a helpful and futuristic planet."

—From *I Slept at Red Lights: A True Story of Life After Tragedy* by Bruce Stackler

### Most Revealing Shot of Sharon Stone

—From  
filmwise.com,  
a Web site that  
shows scenes from  
movies with the  
actors missing

#### 4. Best Resume Skills

- 5. ...
- 6. ...
- 7. ...
- 8. ...
- 9. ...
- 10. ...
- 11. ...
- 12. ...
- 13. ...
- 14. ...
- 15. ...
- 16. ...
- 17. ...
- 18. ...
- 19. ...
- 20. ...
- 21. ...
- 22. ...
- 23. ...
- 24. ...
- 25. ...
- 26. ...
- 27. ...
- 28. ...
- 29. ...
- 30. ...
- 31. ...
- 32. ...
- 33. ...
- 34. ...
- 35. ...
- 36. ...
- 37. ...
- 38. ...
- 39. ...
- 40. ...
- 41. ...
- 42. ...
- 43. ...
- 44. ...
- 45. ...
- 46. ...
- 47. ...
- 48. ...
- 49. ...
- 50. ...
- 51. ...
- 52. ...
- 53. ...
- 54. ...
- 55. ...
- 56. ...
- 57. ...
- 58. ...
- 59. ...
- 60. ...
- 61. ...
- 62. ...
- 63. ...
- 64. ...
- 65. ...
- 66. ...
- 67. ...
- 68. ...
- 69. ...
- 70. ...
- 71. ...
- 72. ...
- 73. ...
- 74. ...
- 75. ...
- 76. ...
- 77. ...
- 78. ...
- 79. ...
- 80. ...
- 81. ...
- 82. ...
- 83. ...
- 84. ...
- 85. ...
- 86. ...
- 87. ...
- 88. ...
- 89. ...
- 90. ...
- 91. ...
- 92. ...
- 93. ...
- 94. ...
- 95. ...
- 96. ...
- 97. ...
- 98. ...
- 99. ...
- 100. ...

## [7] Latest Attempt to Capitalize on the War in Iraq

Women's Football Union have Ladies Teams to Now Age 16, starting in the year 2003, the men and women went forward and the new sport of women's full contact football has been lost."

**[BEST SPORTS TRIVIA]**

"It has been calculated that a baseball thrown at 100 miles an hour will pick up 0.000000000000 grams of mass on its way to home plate. So the effects of relativity are real and have been measured."  
—from *A Short History of Nearly Everything*, by Bill Bryson

**Best Lyrics**  
We Don't Understand

**"You'd like to buy  
the drink a bar,  
take us all to the show /  
You're so full of cash  
tonight, you could buy  
the Pope / You might  
as well try and get milk  
from your elbow"**

—From "Christmestime in Toronto," on Gordon Downie's new solo album, *Battle of the Nudes*

Some people see a brilliant star reasserting his dominance.



We see 32 of our lenses dominating a tennis match.

Those distinctive white lenses. Canon introduced collection of over 50 EF lenses as everywhere around photographers work. Especially our trademark white ones. That's because, quite simply, they're the world's most advanced lenses. In the world's most advanced cameras, making us digital technology leaders. Canon cameras and lenses.

**Abstract:** *Spontaneous* human perceptual experiences are subjected to MUA to account conventional optical line detection. The result is a high contrast as maximum with maximal flow even with large aperture lenses. We also tackled the problem of chromatic aberrations. To this end, we measured the chromatic aberrations and used a filter, which was

**Image Stabilization** Canon's exclusive Image Stabilizer lens correct camera shake (up to 4 stops).

**Ultimate Market:** To create the world's first true head-to-head live contest, we had to discover a whole new audience.

chromatic aberration that gives you outstanding speed and precision in addition to near silent operation. So whether you happen to be using a Canon Finis camera, or one of our digital SLRs, you can understand why Canon EF lenses are always the focus of attention.



**Canon** KNOW BETTER



## THE CHRYSLER PACIFICA

A NEW CONCEPT OF STYLE AND CONFIDENCE

1. Three rows of luxury seating. 2. Heated\* second-row bucket seats that recline and adjust. DVD Rear Seat Video™ entertainment system with 5.1 Digital Surround Sound\*\*. Power liftgate\*\*. Easy step-in height Supplemental side curtain air bags\*\* in all three rows. Fold flat cargo floor. 3. Exclusive in-cluster navigation map display\*. 4. 3.5 liter 250 hp V6 with AutoStick\*\*. 5. All Wheel Drive\*\*. 7/70 Powertrain Limited Warranty\*\*.

Introducing the first Sports Touring Vehicle from Chrysler: The Pacifica.

CHRYSLER



DRIVE & LOVE

SOME FEATURES OPTIONAL. \*\*AIRBAGS AND SEAT BELTS. REMEMBER, A SEATBELT IS THE SAFEST PLACE FOR CHILDREN IS AND SHOULD. THIS DEALER FOR A PART OF THIS LIMITED WARRANTY. A QUALITY APPLIES.

CHRYSLER.COM/PACIFICA







**Rule No. 262:** Your bumper sticker is worth 3 percent as clever as you think it is. **Rule No. 563:** A man who pronounces croissant as "kwa-se" is not a man at all. **Rule No. 438:** There should definitely be a five-day waiting period for WMDs. **Rule No. 683:** The more persnickety the singer-songwriter, the louder the crowd.

(man at his best)      answer fella

## Fetid Feet, the Great Wall of China & Catherine the Great's Horse

**ASKQUESTIONS ANSWER FELLA** believes that there are no stupid questions, just stupid people who don't ask questions, fearing they'll look stupid. So ask Answer Fella anything. If he doesn't know the answer, he'll find out who does, or who has a guess that sounds right.

We always heard that the great wall of China is one of the main make object you can see from the ocean. True? I couldn't wait have a moment the ocean my Appleby's boat. I was in the water from the excellence, you can't see London, you can't see France you can't feel Opium is anti-parties and you are as shocked with in gain the shore wall of China.

But don't take it's word for it. Here's John Allen, the sea captain of the boat. He says his experience has "be the wall is only approximately 30 feet across and handmade, it's actually very hard to see from 100 to 200 miles up. You have excellent vision and know exactly where to look, you can't see it. It's a great thing."

The experience is the most things to me, the most valuable from a point because they're unusual. When the sea reflects off the water, you can see the effect of the winds and currents in the ocean and the waves of ships. You'll see which ship is too big that

What's the etiquette for revolving doors? I never know if I'm supposed to let a woman go first, or if I should push the door so that it's easier for her. The best thing about being *As over Fells* is taking up the terms. The second-best thing is the cash (and beer) too.

view for instance that our work-based education are quite different military protocols, thus making gender a role wasn't addressed at all.

This, says Cynthia Dossé, founder of the Charleston School of Protocol and Etiquette in South Carolina, means that if you're in a busy area setting, whoever reaches the revolving door first simply goes through the defined door.

But—and here's where it gets tricky—if the setting is so relaxed the other party is your date (girlfriend, wife, mama or grandmother), then the guiding protocol is whether, not matter, and you must determine whether the revolving door is still peopling, in which case she goes first, or if it's empty it may be judged which means you should take the lead.

"They say," Miss Gotsdottir tells AP, "the man prevents the lady from taking the door and the woman's contribution is minimal."

And then you have flowers  
telling about being AF every hour  
of everyday life: conspiracy  
another metaphor for marriage

Is it that about Catherine  
the Great and the horse?  
(No)

My best smell. Seriously I've tried Cedar (eters) but they just don't do the trick.  
Feb. How lucky for you—for all of us—that certain handy

Only regular citizens like you and Al, have placed their talents and trust in the power

On this year's  
deck? Manhattan  
gourmet's Susan I. Amos  
suggests you try applying an  
uncommon condiment like  
Crisco, or Canola oil, to the  
bottoms of your feet. daily if  
necessary if you prefer a  
home remedy for itchy feet.  
Amos says you know some  
soothe your feet, let it cool and  
soak your feet in it. the more  
it continues then the less it  
will bother you.

Because bacteria are the source of your foot odor, you must make sure your feet are clean. Wash and dry them thoroughly, especially between your toes—where the bacteria

If he/she is of the right ilk, don't solve your problem, see a podiatrist. And give him or her a big hug. For all that.

Hey asshole! What about Catherine the Great and the horse?



(1929-96)—Catherine II that is German-born empress of Russia—died when she was crushed by a horse whose harness snapped as he was being lowered onto her so that she and the beast might copulate.

The consensus among historians is that, although Catherine was quite the slut, the legend of her 16 times in utero is a possible shred of collected and passed for pornographic drawings. And perhaps she had a particular repugnance for her favorite lover's penis. And yet, she chose to live from the officers of the Imperial Horse Guard and is said to have had their underwear checked by her physicians and first nibbled on one of her ladies in waiting before strapping them on herself. But all that doesn't make her a horse fudge—just a lovely gay princess who loved to ride. **B+**

Get a question? Send it to [Ask@asktheexpert.com](mailto:Ask@asktheexpert.com)  
 Help us improve our content

AND THEY SAY CELL  
PHONES ARE A DISTRACTION.

**FORD THUNDERBIRD**



IF YOU HAVEN'T LOOKED AT FORD LATELY...  
**LOOK AGAIN.**

# STYLE AGENDA

A SPECIAL PROMOTION FOR  
ESQUIRE READERS



## LEXUS CERTIFIED PRE-OWNED IT'S MORE THAN A WARRANTY

The **LEXUS CERTIFIED PRE-OWNED** Customer Care Package and extensive maintenance checks affirm that a Lexus CPD vehicle comes with virtually all the protection, performance and luxury of a brand-new Lexus. The package includes a three-year/50,000 total vehicle mile limited warranty, 24-hour roadside assistance, new car finance rates and more\*, complimentary first oil and filter change, and a complimentary loaner car for qualifying warranty repairs. And best of all, you get a Lexus!

\*New car replacement plan

†Only New Lexus CPD is eligible and subject to the Lexus Finance rules

## MAKE FRIENDS AND IMPROVE YOUR BUSINESS

Jack Mitchell, CEO of Mitchell/Roberts and author of **HUG YOUR CUSTOMERS**, reveals the decisively simple but winning approach to building great service. That a relationship is at the heart of every transaction. Hugs are the personal touches that keep customers returning, and they have made his company one of the most successful in the nation. Available at [www.mitchell.com](http://www.mitchell.com) and fine bookstores everywhere.



## QUALITY CRAFTSMANSHIP BRINGS EXQUISITE RESULTS

The fall, the **ZEGNA LEATHER COLLECTION** plays a crucial part in dressing the Zegna men. The collection pays special attention to detail by featuring detachable collars and luxurious linings. This Zegna Sport leather jacket features a signed, contrasting collar lining and a fleece and quilted "2" inside lining. The hood also folds up to be zipped away in the leather collar. For more information please call 888.640.6462 or visit [www.zegna.com](http://www.zegna.com).



## FOR ADDED CONTROL, AND FUN ON THE LINKS

One of golf's most beloved items: The new **GREAT BIG BOTTLE™** TITANIUM DRIVERS feature a larger and completely revamped design to help your distance regardless of your skill level—so you can hit more of the great shots that bring you back. For more information, please visit [www.relwaygolf.com](http://www.relwaygolf.com) or call 800.368.5638

## YOU, TOO, CAN BE A STAR

Behind Katie Couric's cancer cancer crusade, Jeff Bridges's efforts to end childhood hunger, and Halle Berry's fight against women's cancer is the **ENTERTAINMENT INDUSTRY FOUNDATION**—the philanthropic heart of the entertainment industry, which raises awareness and funds for critical issues nationwide. Contribute \$200 to EIF and receive a complimentary cookbook with recipes from Elizabeth Hurley, Jay Leno, Tim McGraw, Martin Short, John Travolta, and other celebrities. To donate, please call 866.760.3400, ext.600 or visit [www.eifoundation.org](http://www.eifoundation.org).



THE ENTERTAINMENT INDUSTRY FOUNDATION

ALL THE YOUNG GUYS: An established by Mitchell/Roberts and Andy Sim. David McGowan is the author of the book, *How to Get a Girl*.



(what to wear now)



## A Jacket with Balls

You know who Fred Perry was, right? The British tennis sensation born the 19th century who became an establishment by being working class, dating Hollywood athletes, and playing aggressive, exciting tennis that won him three Wimbledon championships. But he may be most famous for the athletic clothing line he started in 1952 that has inspired a cult-like obsession in every major London youth movement since its creation—from mod to skater to punk to rave to the modern hipster. Pete Townsend, Paul Weller, Damon Albarn of Blur, Diddy, Dr. Dre, and Kanye West are all partial to Fred Perry clothes, with their brand (and emblem) and their beverage as a uniform for underground English cool. Cotton and polyester knitted jackets (\$89) by Fred Perry.

ESQUIRE IS ALWAYS IN STYLE. FOR YOUR VERY OWN SUBSCRIPTION, CALL 1-800-855-5005

**Answer:** Under a casual hat, with some leather sneakers, there's nothing cooler. THE DETAILS: Carbon rugby shirt (\$300) by GANT; Watch with crocodile band (\$200) by DAVID YURMAN; Three-button single-breasted corduroy suit (EPV) by PETER HUNTER; Cordway bucket hat (\$500) by ETRO; Cotton socks (\$45) by ETRO; Sweater belt (\$45) by COLE HAAS; Leather sneaker shoes (\$250) by BALEN; Twenty-plyten iPod (\$499) by APPLE; Leather iPod case (\$60) by REED KRAMERFF FOR COACH

(the style guide)

solutions

>>>

## Step X Step

1. Rugby shirt

2. Watch with crocodile band

3. Corduroy suit

4. Hat

5. Corded running socks

6. Brown suede belt

7. Brown leather sneaker shoes

8. iPod and case

THE  
LOOK

**Question:**  
Can I wear a  
rugby shirt to  
the office?



**LUBIAM**  
FOUR GENERATIONS

DALAS  
Highland Park, IL

DON VINCENT  
Fort Springs, CA

HA BOLOS  
Hedberg

KAPS  
Andover, MA

ROSEBELUMS  
Jacksonville, FL

ROTHMANS  
New York, NY



by tom carson

ludacris



## COLLATERAL DAMAGE War coverage to make a good American proud

IT'S POSSIBLE that you have an acquaintance at Goddard, where we're one of those lanky bastards, and in that case your duty is clear: Just if you want to try measuring with Carson. It's before you, sorry, John Ashcroft, you could ask him or her to conjecture what TV's coverage of the Iraq war would have been like if we weren't a democracy. Instead of independent reporting that provided us with all the news, we'd probably have been up to our eyeballs in very, in-differentiated footage of cowardly pundits that made perspective impossible. Anyone interested in that sort of journalism

was only cheerleading by other means. TV anchors would have faithfully adapted the government's latest account of the objective reality, then turned governmental to each any clandestine trading as a badly needed attempt to regulate people's perceptions. And (and to be on the safe side, news shows might even have sketched the screen with patriotic slogans to leave no doubt about cheerleading.) I know it's hard to imagine.

The second fact that the more or less accurately describes how American television covered the war should be: I bet you or Carson (if he's not a total distraction, in an authoritarian society, media outlets



is a man's kind of the day with idea out the whole "acting got me" with people's 2 Fast 2 Furious, playing a garage owner who doubles as a street racing champion. He also has a new album. Check on to see, dropping this summer. The high-profile projects are sure to be conservative pundits and to say who last year successfully killed it. Pop to drop the loudmouthed rapper as a spike on his TV-spoken with Cris in L.A. just after he finished shooting the video for the 2 Fast 2 Furious. —NICK KATZ

EQ: A lot of cars in the street?

CR: Well, we go somewhere around 40 to 50. There's a lot of cars in the street with an orange and white interior and a BMW M5 with my face painted on the hood. My favorite is a yellow Land Rover—my dream car since I was a kid. EQ: What do you drive now?

CR: I've got a green 2000 Cadillac Deville with a green interior and green word painting. There's a TV in the middle of the steering wheel and one in the trunk.

EQ: Handy. Chicken is better a great way for a record.

CR: I had myself eating different kinds of chicken and every day, even if it's a surprise. I'm not really into it. It's like chicken Caesar salad, meat, or chicken penne, y'know? Chicken penne is, when you go to eat, it's just chicken chicken chicken all day. You can't make it. It's like chicken, then it's like chicken.

EQ: I guess tonight you won't be drinking. Pop with that chicken?

CR: I just need to be sure I'm not that. I guess most everyone realizes they were wrong. They call it a day. I'm out. I'm around and I'll be the DeBourges (like saying) I'm worse. I'll be the DeBourges. And that's just my opinion.

The new Lincoln LS.  
With sport-tuned suspension.

With Formula One-inspired suspension and better handling performance than a BMW 540i, the thrill of a winding road is unavoidable. Introducing the new Lincoln LS. The driver's luxury car. Travel well. Call 800-688-8898 or visit Lincoln.com

\*AMC... the winner of the 2003 Lincoln LS V8 and 2002 BMW 540i

Fox's whole modus operandi assumes decorum is for weenies, and its slogans ("Fair and balanced") are, if you'll forgive the non-euphemism, lies.

(the screen)

would have been caught into reporting through her own collection. Without blatant exceptions, though—Fox News Channel, left alone in being to this conflict what yellow journalism was to the Spanish-American War—TV was clearly trying to outdo, not imitate. Not only was support for Get Saddam II: The West Generation tugging the three-quarter marks in every poll, but patriotic Fox was managing to make the entanglements—disappointing more ground. CNN, the network that brought us the Gulf War, and leaving her also into the dust.

That put the competition in the lullid position of playing catch-up to Rupert Murdoch's right-wing collapse while serving to transition to a new one. Of course, making only a body's mind if ever there was one. This upshot was that Fox News was doing its inflammatory job exceedingly well, while its occasional news channels were doing their pseudo-Objective one badly. Any time you switched from Fox News to CNN or MSNBC it felt like when the broadcast news try to imitate The Sopranos, we missed the dirty words.

In hindsight, it seems understandable that during the reporting of the Iraq conflict, the most consequential shift in policy were the onset of the cold war, the news available to most Americans were played by the news on Fox. Naturally, the news on Fox was not, although I did think. Most of the time, looking at the news around those head-

ed pills when he became women—especially when, actually—not to turn away from us on the ground. As if he had been behind him. Just as probably, Fox News had some consciousness, possibly making the competition for winning a super like Fox News and making by with CNN one. Fox News' business advertisement on the network had to be reported everything about about Saddam's enemies. And for good reason, while we troops were tapping Saddam, Fox was focusing under the line to "getting" Al Jazeera, because an Arab news channel that reflects Arab views is obviously trying to pull a fast one.

The reason this wasn't a one-way pitting contest didn't seem incongruous is that Fox's whole MO, as created by conservatism's greatest media baron, Roger Ailes, assumed decorum for weenies. I assume that everybody to the left of his boss Rupert Murdoch knows that full of reality's calling has done a "no-ops zone" in great style and that the channel's real and deadly slogan ("Fair and balanced") and "We report. You decide" are, if you'll forgive the non-euphemism, his—such whoppers that Fox's talking heads have trouble repeating words while reciting them. Demosizing contrasting viewpoints into the channel's publicistic perspective was in practice, and in writing, its pretty much "God bless, but the door"

Demer Good Advice By John Canino



GREETER & JEW IN DOCUMENTARY DANCE STEPS

Nonetheless, first those spent most of the war looking at the war. It's a terrible fact that humanism at ABC News behind him. He probably thought that he was going to be Allen's big show. But not to his colorful colleagues, he's the channel's dinner table, as people in a service article between *Masterpiece*. As I've said before, I've got no quarrel in theory with Allen's idea of news, since I think his way of journalism is in place in the mix. But it's the only one who would if the news could focus on far less things. Fox News is not a reasonable newspaper psyche with a will to power. After prolonged exposure to the rest of the Fox network, I think better of it. But only does he have the future mind among them, he knows how to keep things going. But he's the only one who would if the news could focus on far less things.

Then again, maybe they are psyches. Fox would never have been the country's favorite source of war news if its reporting coverage hadn't been as good as a genuine public mood. If Fox's work appeared less good, that wasn't really because their coverage was a what more slanted, it's just that their ardent style isn't good for showing. Traditional TV news is a product of the network's desire to be in the middle-class genre. It's what is in the news in the (partial) fact that reasonable people are addressing the reasonable people, without an agenda. And, no, that isn't needed, it used to let Walter Cronkite define what was reasonable. The difference in Iraq was that, instead of behaving like an independent branch of government—the fate of media leaders that used to drive center-stories emerged without restraint—TV essentially is a dependent one.

What both symbolized and made liberal the media's new subversion, of course, was that post-9/11 was a kind of embedded, completely unregulated access, the "embedded" reporter. The correspondents couldn't make any decisions about what they covered, much less provide a context for it. As one embedded journal complained, they couldn't even get a sense of how ordinary Iraqis were reacting to the invasion—which, given our stated premise for being there, was kind of crucial in determining

vanquish **eyewear**  
**new!**  
**FREE!**  
(Postage, Handling & Processing Extra)

814-990-1001  
spring temples

812-990-1001  
spring temples, polarized

810-990-1001  
spring temples

810-990-1001  
spring temples

810-990-1001  
spring temples

**DON'T MISS OUT!**  
\*Free sunglasses are FREE and if, for ANY reason you are dissatisfied, we will refund your \$19.95. Thanks for your participation.

**vanquish**  
EYEWEAR

"I've ordered sunglasses from your brand website (free in the past) and I loved them, but these (Vanquish) sunglasses are *extremely* superior and the watch is just too cool!" Allen S., Colorado  
Call 541-312-2662, Fax 541-312-2844, Online: [www.vanquisheyewear.com](http://www.vanquisheyewear.com)

**FREE!**  
(Postage, Handling & Processing Extra)

**vanquish**  
EYEWEAR



RT-9120 FREE  
gray lenses



RT-9140 FREE



RT-9150 FREE  
spring temples polarized



RT-9160 FREE

CALL NOW TO ORDER! 541-312-2662 or fax order to 541-312-2844, or Online: [www.vanquish eyewear.com](http://www.vanquish eyewear.com)



Protect Your Sightwear!



CLIMATE CONTROL™  
300% WEATHER RESISTANT  
\$19.95 (FREE POST \$15.95)  
2 1/2" x 7" Sizes

OR TORNADO ALUMINUM CASE  
Scratches, Abrades, Folds & Tears  
\$19.95 (FREE POST \$15.95)  
2 1/2" x 7" x 1 1/2" Sizes

**BONUS! 100% FREE!**  
(LIMIT 1 PER ORDER)

**VANQUISH Watch**

- Alarm
- Dual Time
- Night Vision
- Invisibly Compact
- Multi-Use Cases
- Digital and Analog
- 1/100 Sec. Chronograph
- 30M x 1.58" x 1.58" mm Stainless Steel
- Illuminated Bezel Markers (in Blue)
- Dual Mode & High-Speed Rotation
- Composable Band in Stainless Steel Mesh
- 1/200" In. Option (Black Digital Display)



Help us meet the Vanquish brand recognized by ordering four or more FREE sunglasses for yourself, family and friends and we'll send you the Digital/Analog Vanquish Watch FREE! Choose one watch for every four sunglasses ordered.

Items Ordered

RT-9120 RT-9140 RT-9150 RT-9160

RT-9120 RT-9140 RT-9150 RT-9160

RT-9120 RT-9140 RT-9150 RT-9160

RT-9120 RT-9140 RT-9150 RT-9160

RT-9120 RT-9140 RT-9150 RT-9160

RT-9120 RT-9140 RT-9150 RT-9160

RT-9120 RT-9140 RT-9150 RT-9160

RT-9120 RT-9140 RT-9150 RT-9160

RT-9120 RT-9140 RT-9150 RT-9160

RT-9120 RT-9140 RT-9150 RT-9160

RT-9120 RT-9140 RT-9150 RT-9160

RT-9120 RT-9140 RT-9150 RT-9160

RT-9120 RT-9140 RT-9150 RT-9160

RT-9120 RT-9140 RT-9150 RT-9160

RT-9120 RT-9140 RT-9150 RT-9160

RT-9120 RT-9140 RT-9150 RT-9160

RT-9120 RT-9140 RT-9150 RT-9160

F, H&P Chart

for each item ordered

RT-9120 RT-9140 RT-9150 RT-9160

RT-9120 RT-9140 RT-9150 RT-9160

RT-9120 RT-9140 RT-9150 RT-9160

RT-9120 RT-9140 RT-9150 RT-9160

RT-9120 RT-9140 RT-9150 RT-9160

RT-9120 RT-9140 RT-9150 RT-9160

RT-9120 RT-9140 RT-9150 RT-9160

RT-9120 RT-9140 RT-9150 RT-9160

RT-9120 RT-9140 RT-9150 RT-9160

RT-9120 RT-9140 RT-9150 RT-9160

RT-9120 RT-9140 RT-9150 RT-9160

RT-9120 RT-9140 RT-9150 RT-9160

RT-9120 RT-9140 RT-9150 RT-9160

RT-9120 RT-9140 RT-9150 RT-9160

RT-9120 RT-9140 RT-9150 RT-9160

RT-9120 RT-9140 RT-9150 RT-9160

Make payment and mail order form to:  
VANQUISH  
PO Box 1158  
Bend, OR 97708

Please orders may call

541-312-2662 or

Fax 541-312-2844.

Order Total \$100.00

300 6-11 Hours (PST) 140 CASH

(THE SCREEN)

the whole endeavor's success or failure. What would we have learned of courage that told us about nothing. As if in response to criticism that TV's coverage of the Gulf war looked too computer-game precise, this one was all gritty and detail-maddening, clanking vehicles "booted to the ground." Videophones became so this was what most bombs were to the last one, usually representing information whenever except that the strange responder was on the scene somewhere. The net effect of all this unrelenting confusion was that it precluded a thoughtful interpretation, and please don't bother to tell me that, but combat is confusing—don't worry, it's a war reporter's job to be inside it. As it was, I couldn't have much reason why the military should've just blown me the middle one next time and stopped with the networks to mount permanent cameras on selected soldiers' helmets.

Some embedded reporters did have second thoughts and took a hike. But only after they'd photographed mostly sponsored not blown up, these cameras were embedded, too—in the cloud-ruckoo-head-of-hosting infrastructure as "topical war" news. superheros' George W. Bush needed it was, whose guiding premises were that he couldn't be questioned as soon as the shooting started. In fact, the war's biggest moments unfolded not so much as the clear-cut battles of World War II but as the alleged link to al Qaeda—"Duck season! Rabbit season!" no. Either field would any—also supposed cache of weapons of mass destruction (which, as we'll read, had the network's presence in securing the desert to watch the gaudy dispatches) but once "Operation Iraqi Freedom" became the theme, in the new familiar style of code names that double as advertising slogans, the networks learned that it's had been the gears of the enterprise all along. They like a good story line, and all those tapping stations made for great TV—even if the overnight coverage of fire traps into looking Iraqi and less disengaged, unresponsive Iraqis did produce some looks in the happy ending.

Sure, there was criticism—from the retired generals whose corpsing of his strategy got Donald Rumsfeld's house-gable good. In fact a network with the

THE TECH



**AMR WHEN YOU** thought the PDA had gone the way of VHS along comes another sleeky account to show it off. GPS CARVIEW is like a GPS system combined with a Palm-powered PDA with navigational

hardware in a sleek handheld unit. Download your appointment schedule and the device will not only tell you where you need to be somewhere. It'll also show you how to get there (especially handy if your car is bereft of a built-in GPS system). You can also record voice memos, send and receive e-mail, and play MP3's. \$399, garmin.com

—CHRIS KAYE

disruptor to make a war correspondent out of that digress to his own home office. Nor is that anchor's place, nor the most interesting not only Colonel David Hunt, who seemed to have wandered over from playing lobby for the oil king of the Middle East, Major John Boudreau, the very biggest, Green Beret, even Sergeant Barry Butler. Major John was the kind of guy who makes "Use" look short for "Useless."

But the military experts' dominance of the screens made clear that what was going on about proved was the only discernible issue. Political questions—what were, after all, Iraqis, with our all-in-one in the desert and on—were off the table. Chief among these were the increasing indications that the Bush administration had simply asked to show what we're getting out of it, not to show it. An American strategy was being informed by the views of Iraqis, not the first step in a long-term plan to overthrow the whole Middle East—one that had been showing even before 9/11, and so much for either those of Qaddafi or his or his hard-to-find WMD. But as any logician, so TV reporter over asked what seemed like no obvious personal opinion, whether that fancy \$250,000.000 camera set for press briefings was portable.

Find out what everyone is talking about..

Norah Jones



NORAH JONES  
COME AWAY WITH ME  
WINNER OF 8 GRAMMY AWARDS



NOW AVAILABLE ON DVD  
NORAH JONES  
LIVE IN NEW ORLEANS  
• INCLUDES 8 UNRELEASED TUNES  
• AVAILABLE IN 5.1 DIGITAL SURROUND

Look for Norah  
on tour  
this summer!

www.norahjones.com ©2002 Jive Records

**INSTRUCTIONS:** Use the retail price of the product to find the F,H&P charge on the chart. Pay only the F,H&P amount for each item ordered. If you did not choose a total of four sunglasses, you may buy the Vanquish Watch separately for our reduced price of \$120 plus \$9.95 F,H&P.

**Legal Disclosure:** There are some personal-use exceptions to the Vanquish Eyewear warranty. For more information, visit [www.vanquish eyewear.com](http://www.vanquish eyewear.com).

Order Form Online: [www.vanquish eyewear.com](http://www.vanquish eyewear.com)

Name

Mailing address

City  State  ZIP

MAP/SEND: Phone number

E-mail (or fax if)

Choose one ☐ YES ☐ MAYBE ☐ NO ☐ OTHER ☐ YES ☐ NO ☐ OTHER

Complete credit card or debit card number

Mobile or land

Signature

[www.vanquish eyewear.com](http://www.vanquish eyewear.com)

\*VANQUISH supports the National Children's Vision Fund on 34CVT



## (10 THINGS You Don't Know About Women)

by lauren weisberger

1. We went you, just once, to actually get out of the car like you say you're going to and look the ass of the saw four pro linebacker who just cut us off.

2. Women love to be wined and dined. We do not, however, love restaurants whose menus include the following: "supersize," "bucket of," "all you can eat," and "peel your own."

3. We think your enthusiasm for strip clubs, bachelor parties, and "boys' weekends" in Vegas is a bit misplaced. If it's really more exciting to pay for it, we accept Visa and MasterCard.

4. Nothing you were thinking about saying about this gay couple you saw in the supermarket is a good idea. Trust me.

5. Yes, we are aware that the ridiculously eligible cardiology resident who's the island's sexiest M.D. was a science major in high school. We don't know why we dated you then and not then, either.

6. We genuinely want to believe that you don't really think the pinnacle of twenty-first-century artistic expression is a Super Bowl beer

commercial, but the velvet Elvis hanging above your bed isn't giving us a lot to work with.

7. "I look fat in this," "My thighs are huge," and "I've gained weight" are, in fact, questions—not statements—demanding an immediate and resounding "Absolutely not!"

8. We wholly accept that you lie about the number of women you've slept with. We just ask that you have the good grace to lie about all their "kick-ass" bodies as well.

9. Women do know sports trivia. Q: It's greatest run? From the corner of Rockingham into the house. Tyson's most well-deserved title? Criminal.

10. Women don't like to receive apologies as gifts. We're pretty sure you know this. Yet you keep doing it. Why? I mean, really, why? We've discussed it, and if only more women gets a Cuisinart for her birthday, we are throwing out your Tibb and putting a ribbon on the wood whacker. ■

Lauren Weisberger

Author of *The Devil Wears Prada*

Image: © J. J. Janssen/Corbis; (2) © J. J. Janssen/Corbis; (3) © J. J. Janssen/Corbis; (4) © J. J. Janssen/Corbis; (5) © J. J. Janssen/Corbis; (6) © J. J. Janssen/Corbis; (7) © J. J. Janssen/Corbis; (8) © J. J. Janssen/Corbis; (9) © J. J. Janssen/Corbis; (10) © J. J. Janssen/Corbis

# BAJA'D TO THE BONE

CERVEZA  
**PACIFICO**





27-inch chrome steel wheels | Side-Door® 4WD | 3.7L Power Tech V6 engine | 2541 horsepower | [www.jeep.com](http://www.jeep.com)

Jeep is a registered trademark of DaimlerChrysler Corporation.

## (the industry)

Script runner: "You're an all-around guy. You're a writer, a producer, a director."

by kim masters

### A MEN OF STEEL

**Q:** What's been missing from the attempt to pull off a hugely expensive new version of Superman?

**B**RETT RATNER doesn't want to talk about Superman. "I'm so far beyond Superman," he says shortly after having spent six months obsessing over it, "I can't even tell you."

The thirty-four-year-old director fell out of the popcorn-movie project in March as Warner Brothers lost any power of getting the first installment of a hoped-for trilogy into theaters by the summer of 2004. Millions of dollars were spent, and the picture was left without a director and without a cast.

The difficulties are getting so big that it's difficult to see the problems that arise when a big corporation has outgrown them but not pressure an studios to hurry a process that's similar to getting entry into a ride using a toolpick.

Proceed you are Alan Horn, the president of Warner. You want a big movie event for summer 2004. You have a great script with franchise potential, but you have to move fast. You have to place a very large wager—keeping the budget around \$180 million is your goal—and you need a director who won't blow it. You want someone hot and preferably young who can have that perfect hot young star in the project. But you also need what experience brings: the ability to manage a crew the size of an army, execute expensive special-effects sequences, and keep it all on time and on budget. You need *Twelve Pinks*.

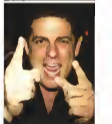
Oh, and one more thing: Some believe there is a curse associated with this project. Superman has been done before, of course—in films that many agents and

executives wonder what he'll do even he fresh again. Warner believes it can. But when you have him, it's easy to get lost.

**When Horn took over** at Warner in 1995, the studio had made a parade of lawsuits and was casting about for another franchise together here in a class. One possibility was Superman—which had waited for more than a decade, since the last time Christopher Reeve put on the tights.

Several years earlier, wild-man producer Jon Peters (Herman, *Wild West*) had glommed on to the Superman rights. If Peters himself were a character in a comic book—as well he could be—he would be named Chosen. (Apologies to the real comic-book Chosen, if there is one.) Aggressive, explosive, enquire life, the man forever destined to be known as Father Time's son's farmer hairdresser may have mowed a lot more than he's pushing any And, like Madonna, he's a devoted member of Hollywood's biblically clasp, which purports to study Jewish mysticism. But age and spiritualism haven't stopped Peters at the creative and sometimes destructive energy that he brings to a film project. What he doesn't bring, some executive would point it, is "manic and angry."

Peters's Superman plans had been kicking around for years. Then Peters hooked up with the young director McG—and McG was hot. He had made his name as music videos and then made a hat out of *Charlie's Angels* despite all sorts of production problems. So Peters made it his business to befriended McG. The two worked like puppets and teased about *Ultimate Fighting Championships* and



Retner was head over heels in love with his new toy—so excited that he sent out Christmas cards with his face superimposed on the Man of Steel's body

(the industry)

>>>

started talking about *Superman*.

Eventually, McG put together some film footage and a color brochure and made a winning presentation to Haim and Lawrence Di Biase sisters, then president of worldwide production at Warner Media, convincing them that the idea of having the preffered J. Adams to write the screenplay. Adams, who created and produced the television show *Alias*, was commissioned to compare the story as a trilogy.

Before McG showed up, however, Warner had started work on another superhero project. This time, Batman and Superman meet. The two began to discuss each other, and they got it in. (Talk about ultimate-fighting championships!) The project was going nicely, and Warner assigned it to veteran director Wolfgang Peterzon, who was a hero at the studio for having pulled off *The Perfect Storm*.

The brings in to locally when Adams turned in his *Superman* script, which identified every executive who mattered. Haim and Di Biase sisters were told but differed as how to proceed. Di Biase sisters argued that the book should stick with Batman vs. Superman while devoting some time to the Adams script. Adams at *Superman* was back for summer 2004, a part because Piterzon was reassigned and focused. (Focus turns out to be a big issue at these matters.)

Di Biase sisters thought the version of *Superman*—a venture—would cost \$130 million. Driving down the price would take some creative thinking and reworking. And if the studio turned ahead, it would have to drop McG, who was already committed to direct the Charlie's Angels sequel.

But Haim wanted to move fast. Warner was part of the summering AOL conglomerate. The studio had the Matrix lined up for 2003, but it would be great to lock all another franchise for 2004. There were big pressures to perform. So Haim sped up the Adams version. McG was out. And Di Biase sisters, argued about this and other conflicts, was soon out of work.

Before he left, however, Di Biase sisters helped line up a director for *Superman*. All seemed, Red Dragon—another Haim

ad. Lester episode set to open in September—had been building a buzz. The film's director, Brett Ratner, was as hot as any young man could be.

Like McG, Ratner had started out doing music videos. A word geek from Miami, he had moved to New York, represented himself with his hip producer Russell Simmons, and started shooting videos for rappers like Public Enemy and the Wu-Tang Clan. Ratner's relationship with the creative but talented comedian Chris Tucker opened the door to feature-film work. New Line hired Ratner to direct the 1997 Tucker comedy *Money Talks*. The project made more than \$40 million at the box office.

The rest of Ratner's filmography is short and snappy. *Black Men*, which paired Tucker with Jackie Chan, grossed an attention-grabbing \$40 million. Then Ratner wisely went off the beat and made the earnest yuppie drama *The Family Man* with Nic Cage before cementing his claim to business with *Black Men 2*, which grossed an eye-opening

\$120 million. That put him in a position to command \$4 million for *Red Dragon*. Ratner was given credit for assembling a strong cast that included Anthony Hopkins, Edward Norton, and Ralph Fiennes. In particular, Ratner was praised for landing with the eccentric Hopkins.

So even though Ratner had no experience with a big, effects-driven film, Warner signed him for *Superman*. And at the glitzy *Red Dragon* premiere in New York last fall, for Anthony proclaimed that he would play Jor-El, *Superman's* dad. Ratner was now head over heels in love with his new toy—so excited that he sent out Christmas cards with his face superimposed on the Man of Steel's body.

As the deal was structured, Ratner faced a January deadline to cut the film. "We were going to start shooting in April, which is very rushed—particularly when the script isn't locked down and you don't have it cut," says a production source. Ratner would still have to shape the script, looking for ways to save money

By Buddy Haskinson



## Sample The World's Finest Cigar!

Visit [www.avdcigars.com](http://www.avdcigars.com) to receive a sample\* AVO Classic® Double Cigar and register to win an AVO humidor. Or call toll free 1-800-268-7514 (free transfer during USFL available online).



AVO USTRIAN

\*Sample subject to availability. Offer available to customers 21 years of age or older. One sample per household per year. Offer requires November 1, 2003 to credit registration. Offer not valid in MA, NY, NJ, RI or where prohibited by law. Offer available in the US only.

Peters claimed that Ratner threatened him with an armed bodyguard—an account Ratner denies. "I don't need a guard to pull a gun on someone," he says.

(the industry)

eg The production team wasted \$100 million for a budget of \$100 million.

Ratner is not what you'd call a linear thinker. In fact, he seems to have all going on at any one moment. Last year he hosted a fundraiser, for example, and interrupted his own speech to take a call on his cell phone. Ratner is so attached to his cell phones (he carries more than one) that when he first met producer Marc Abraham—along for the chase to direct *The Family Man*—Ratner kept right on talking as he rattled out to shake Abraham's hand. Abraham gave Ratner an seconds to get off the phone. Ratner did, and Abraham is now one of his biggest fans.

Michael Jackson sings the preening Ratner's home answering machine leaving a message to call him. "I don't want to be a one-to-one. I want to be a one-to-all." Ratner doesn't seem to mind being a group-cohesion, regular-spotted producer with Chris Tucker, Dennis Williams, and Michael Jackson in *Miami*, for example. Last, particularly, he popped up to report about the reunion of history teacher Jason Ryk, who remained about the time Ratner landed up with *Robbery Under the Bridge*. Ratner had a group of 100-year-old models because the way Ryk's world "the human cell with the best way," Ratner emphatically demands that Guy Hartnett that way, and says he doesn't need even meeting Ryk at all.

In any case, Ratner acknowledges that his life is a colorful and that some of his jobs—giving short answers, Robert Evans and writer James Toback—aren't good role models. But he says old-Hollywood types might have to be in order that the fun and games don't distract him from his work. "I don't even drink coffee," he says. "In the aftermath of everything I decide in Hollywood, I'm a kid who's having fun."

Ratner is going to be charged reluctantly into adulthood. But that's why people get into showbiz," says his friend Abraham. "They want it as a badge of honor." In Hollywood, in fact, being a little mad is often considered a professional strategy. Many of Ratner's supporters—among them Universal president of production Mary Peters, who worked on *Red Dragon*—see his somewhat diffuse thought process as a virtue. What concern

to be a lack of focus in some people is passion and enthusiasm to Ratner. "Part of what makes him a really successful filmmaker is that he explores all his options," she says. "He could make you crazy with exploring every option. But I don't see him as a bad thing.... It's not one to just settle. It's always arriving for the best."

When it came to casting *Superman*, however, Warner didn't wait too much writing. The studio landed toward Jack Huston for the lead. Ratner asserted that Huston was far the role—and because of casting others as well. Given the time pressure, this turned out to be a problem. "His vision wasn't quite what we wanted, and that made the whole thing wobbly," says an inside observer.

While Huston's untested whether he would stand to a heavy contest, Ratner tried Ashton Kutcher (*Dude, Where's My Car?*), who finally claimed he wasn't interested. Ratner also flew to London to meet with Jude Law. Law was ready to test but had family issues keeping him in London. Then Huston decided to test him. But it was at the last—his decision against taking the job. Huston wasn't sure about a going on for a role that could define him for the rest of his career.

The search for a star became increasingly intense and public. Before it was over, Brendan Fraser (*The Mummy*), and soap star Matthew Paetz had also tested. The Internet buzzed with accounts of the project's difficulties.

Meanwhile, Abraham made numerous his script when he wasn't busy producing. After his work, Ratner gave him the attention it needed a corner of chaos. What's clear is that when Ratner turned in a budget based on the best draft in January, Warner went in to another check. The price was around \$125 million, making it the highest budget in the industry. Ratner's budget was too vague and lacked documentation. At this point, Ratner didn't have a star and he didn't have a budget.

Some worried producers might still have been able to keep things on track. But Ratner was nervous. Clinging to the

dream of getting a big movie made, Ratner had no intention of letting himself be fired. After Peters tried to fire Ratner's casting director, the two ended up in a shouting match. Ratner had the idea that Peters—who's been known to physically intimidate people in heated moments—was trying to provoke him into a physical confrontation. Ratner says he wanted to stay away. Peters later claimed that Ratner threatened him with an armed bodyguard. Ratner does have a bodyguard, but he denies he used him to threaten Peters. "I don't need a guard to pull a gun on someone," he says.

If Peters wasn't the man to keep the project on track, no one at the studio seemed to be taking matters in hand, either. De Bona's former producer president, Jeff Robinson was the top executive left at the studio. A former agent who had started at Warner in 1990, Robinson was perceived as smart but inexperienced.

"I think he was learning on the job," says a member of Ratner's team. "It's a really hard job, particularly at that place at that time." The studio's capital was low. Ratner was afraid of New York. Everyone was running scared. Warner executives didn't see any way to get New York on track with the studio's performance.

By the end of March, Ratner was out-jumping, most who watched cancer, just before he was pushed. Warner declines to discuss its plan other than to say that the project will go forward.

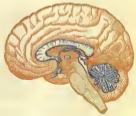
Many in the industry doubt the movie will ever be made. "These numbers are just insane," says one agent. "And you're going to have to raise that [the \$125 million] to \$175 million of marketing money. That's just crazy stuff."

So a *Superman* is a bold gamble or a bad idea? Many executives say they wouldn't touch it, but then they don't own it. A Warner executive says *Superman* is worth the risk—if the studio can stand to raise it. "They want to monetize a major franchise, but they don't want to spend what it costs," that producer says. "It's a business risk."

Well, yes, but that's only one of the basic principle. Before you decide to go to war, consider who's going to be in the trenches with you. ■

► THERE'S DIGITAL.

►► THEN THERE'S CANON DIGITAL.



INTRODUCING THE DIGIC CHIP. Now available in the new PowerShot S-Series digital cameras.

DIGIC. A digital brain that brings you colors, light and detail as you see them. Especially combined with our legendary optics. We just thought it was the smart thing to do. [www.powershot.com/digital](http://www.powershot.com/digital) REVOLUTIONIZED photography. ■ WE REVOLUTIONIZED digital.



Canon KNOW HOW™

## (the body)

By Jim Atkinson

### THE NEXT GREAT DRUG

Botox is not just mainly now, it's going to change the world

**"Y**OU'LL GET affected to it," said a young lady with almost perfect eyes could almost see your reflection in it. "It's got it stuff" she advised me of this pen before plastic surgeon Rod Jankovits, chairman of the department of plastic surgery at the University of Texas Southwestern Medical Center, agreed to pick me up with Botox to smooth my forehead lines.

Botox—our next drug of choice? Will you? I thought used to be known as simply a cheek thing, a kind of poor woman's face-lift, it has turned out to be much more. For one thing, as I discovered firsthand, it can be a useful thing, too. (See sidebar, next page.) But more important, the discovery of a toxin produced by the infamous foodborne bacterium *Clostridium botulinum* has emerged in earnest wonder drug, a kind of aspirin of the new millennium. For while 1.8 million of us will take Botox injections this year to smooth a few facial wrinkles, many thousands more will take them to relieve much more serious conditions ranging from simple head and neck pain to incontinence to cerebral palsy to Alzheimer's symptoms.

#### What makes Botox so great?

Like aspirin, it has a well-understood mechanism of action, it's plentiful, and it has few if any side effects—all things that make the fact that it's licensed by a poison. A Belgian researcher discovered the bacterium that produces this toxin in 1895. But it wasn't until nearly a century later, in the 1970s, the toxin in the U.S. discovered that one of the toxin's chief

by the microbe, botulin toxin A, could control the crossroads point of information—letting it to its use in business to test that another muscle spasm of the eye.

Doctors immediately liked the toxin because it was fast acting and local rather than systemic. Toxin A works by blocking the action of acetylcholine, a substance that transmits nerve impulses to muscles, thus weakening or paralyzing entirely a muscle's ability to contract or spasm. It was only a matter of time before some *dis* discovered that this combination of the laws of biology and physics would apply to these wrinkles as well.

In 1980, Canadian ophthalmologist Brian Carruthers noticed that after injecting patients for eye-strain disorders, not only did the toxin calm the spasms, it tended to reduce down lines between the eyes and crow's-feet at their corners. For the next two years or so, his toxin treatments spread as a kind of underground sensation, a simple way to make those wrinkles fade. But was relatively inexpensive (from \$300 to \$1,000) and painless and had the single advantage that most

other face-altering plastic-surgery procedures didn't. If you didn't like the result, it would disappear in a few to five weeks.

But even more with its explosive growth in treating the "heavy liner" and "cruelty smile" of affliction women, Botox much more quickly became a valued tool in treating a wide variety of obstinate medical conditions, and making chronic pain.

#### How does it work for pain?

Animal studies have shown that, among other things, Botox seems to affect the nerve-cell signaling systems that control our very perception of pain. Hence it can relieve migraine, headaches, lower-back and neck pain, trigeminal autonomic cephalgia (TAC) of the jaw, and other chronic pains suffered by a staggering eighty-six million Americans. Plus, especially like the fact that when ordinary opiate-based medications don't suffice, Botox when can do the trick with even fewer side effects and virtually no risk of addiction.

It has been especially effective at treating trigeminal autonomic cephalgia, which afflicts about twenty million Americans. In a re-



**LET'S PARK IT ON OUR DESK.** Let's drag race our favorite pen. Let's blow past the tape dispenser. Let's avoid coffee spills. Let's not get pulled over by our boss. Let's get lost in the office. On a 1/56th scale - **LET'S MOTOR!**





## WHAT BOTOX DID TO MY FACE

(the body)

own study of forty-eight headache sufferers, 100 percent of the patients identified as "migraineurs"—those with a chronic migraine problem—reported good to complete improvement, with only one "adverse event," caused by anxiety. In thousand other studies, Botox's advantage seemed to be that its effects could last for up to four months and, if injected several times over a few months, could work prophylactically. The results are remarkably impressive for back pain. According to a secondary 60 percent of participants had their pain reduced by more than 50 percent after Botox injections.

### And it can work for muscle spasms, too?

Once that its paralytic properties can be calibrated, Botox has proved promising in the treatment of all issues that involve involuntary muscular movements, including *tourette's* (tremors such as spasmodic dysphonia [spasms of the vocal cords]), dysphagia (a swallowing disorder associated with Parkinson's disease), cerebral palsy, hand and wrist spasticity from stroke, and Tourette's syndrome. In a study of treacherous children with writhing, abnormal faces that resulted from spasms caused by cerebral palsy, 44 percent showed improved walking, gait, and posture after quarterly injections of Botox. A study published in *The New England Journal of Medicine* last year showed that injections of Botox could improve the flexibility of stroke patients' fingers and wrists sufficiently enough that they could perform the simple tasks that the disease often takes them through and cleaning their clothes.

How good is it all? It also relieves symptoms of such common conditions as urinary incontinence (by relaxing the sphincter of the bladder that causes the problem) and the should-be-divorced, much-more-than-it-is-in-fury hyperhidrosis—excessive and uncontrollable sweating of hands and underarms (by relieving spasm of the sweat glands).

### But isn't it dangerous?

First, when a doc injects you with Botox, he's not actually injecting you with botulin. It's a new way giving you a highly di-



"I HAVE TO ADMIT THAT THE IDEA of reducing my facial wrinkles with just a few quick Botox injections into my skin has been around for a decade or so. I've always had a tendency to wrinkle—especially in the forehead and around my eyes—when I was younger—and it's always tended to make me look, if not old for my age (fifty-three), slightly tired or just pissed off. So I decided to take the plunge last fall and see if a little selective weakening of muscles around my eyebrows and forehead could make me look a little happier—er, if I looked like I was going to sleep because I actually was. The first question everyone had for me was...

**Q** How? **A** I don't. No, not much, and my doctor didn't even use an or anesthetic cream before he poked the about twenty times in the areas around my brows (his for me, not my eyebrows). My worry then was that it would create a big forehead and my brow's flat at the corners of my eyes. The needle was small, and because a little of the toxin is needed to partly paralyze the facial muscles (in question, each injection lasted only a second or two). The whole process took about ten minutes.

**Q** How? **A** I don't. No, not much, and my doctor didn't even use an or anesthetic cream before he poked the about twenty times in the areas around my brows (his for me, not my eyebrows). My worry then was that it would create a big forehead and my brow's flat at the corners of my eyes. The needle was small, and because a little of the toxin is needed to partly paralyze the facial muscles (in question, each injection lasted only a second or two). The whole process took about ten minutes.

**Q** How? **A** I don't. No, not much, and my doctor didn't even use an or anesthetic cream before he poked the about twenty times in the areas around my brows (his for me, not my eyebrows). My worry then was that it would create a big forehead and my brow's flat at the corners of my eyes. The needle was small, and because a little of the toxin is needed to partly paralyze the facial muscles (in question, each injection lasted only a second or two). The whole process took about ten minutes.

**Q** How? **A** I don't. No, not much, and my doctor didn't even use an or anesthetic cream before he poked the about twenty times in the areas around my brows (his for me, not my eyebrows). My worry then was that it would create a big forehead and my brow's flat at the corners of my eyes. The needle was small, and because a little of the toxin is needed to partly paralyze the facial muscles (in question, each injection lasted only a second or two). The whole process took about ten minutes.

**Q** How? **A** I don't. No, not much, and my doctor didn't even use an or anesthetic cream before he poked the about twenty times in the areas around my brows (his for me, not my eyebrows). My worry then was that it would create a big forehead and my brow's flat at the corners of my eyes. The needle was small, and because a little of the toxin is needed to partly paralyze the facial muscles (in question, each injection lasted only a second or two). The whole process took about ten minutes.

**Q** How? **A** I don't. No, not much, and my doctor didn't even use an or anesthetic cream before he poked the about twenty times in the areas around my brows (his for me, not my eyebrows). My worry then was that it would create a big forehead and my brow's flat at the corners of my eyes. The needle was small, and because a little of the toxin is needed to partly paralyze the facial muscles (in question, each injection lasted only a second or two). The whole process took about ten minutes.

**Q** How? **A** I don't. No, not much, and my doctor didn't even use an or anesthetic cream before he poked the about twenty times in the areas around my brows (his for me, not my eyebrows). My worry then was that it would create a big forehead and my brow's flat at the corners of my eyes. The needle was small, and because a little of the toxin is needed to partly paralyze the facial muscles (in question, each injection lasted only a second or two). The whole process took about ten minutes.

**Q** How? **A** I don't. No, not much, and my doctor didn't even use an or anesthetic cream before he poked the about twenty times in the areas around my brows (his for me, not my eyebrows). My worry then was that it would create a big forehead and my brow's flat at the corners of my eyes. The needle was small, and because a little of the toxin is needed to partly paralyze the facial muscles (in question, each injection lasted only a second or two). The whole process took about ten minutes.

lated form of one of the botulinum toxins. The normal damage for a cosmetic treatment, for example, is between twenty and thirty units, treatments for muscle spasms are higher, but in any event, it would take hundreds of thousands of units to kill a person.

Some patients do suffer side effects. Common users occasionally experience hoarseness and hoarseness from the injections, others suffer droopy eyelids, which can result from too large an injection in the brow muscles. Patients who take larger doses of Botox for pain or spasms occasionally have complained

of flu-like symptoms. And generally, as long as the physician is not overdoing you, Botox is remarkably safe. If the toxin does cause complications from the eyes after a few weeks.

### So is it easy to obtain Botox treatments?

Remember that despite its growing number of medical applications, Botox—a brand-name drug manufactured by Allergan—is still formally approved by the FDA only for spasms of the eye and neck muscles and for cosmetic relaxation of frown (continued on page 126)

go someplace better.

Corona Extra  
Corona Light



**THREE THINGS TO SAY TO SOUND SMART THIS MONTH** If *Nico* is your new fave, then the TAO GRAMMY is Country's coolest contest—featuring the Lyle Lovett, Garth Brooks and Josh Gracin. The Ministry of African Country—must be your new African Caké Show. (2) Use whatever free will you've got and go to your hands on Matt Hickey's Nature vs. Nurture: Genes, Experience, & What Makes Us Human. It's a preeminent best seller. (3) The French have made a film called *September 11*. What a need! The Zionist International Film Festival, hosted in beautiful downtown Tel Aviv.

## 7 Ways to Be Entertained in...

# July



### Carnegie Award of the Month

until recently, online role playing was limited to building medieval social skills and beating Pete Townshend. But thanks to Xbox Live, a fresh subgenre is emerging: our team-based play. Three new members bring their own twists to the genre.

**Wolfsbane:** Tides of War: Ghost Recon island Thunder: ancestral force: above: new players across the Net: the war game each real time conversation over headset attachments. One-on-one with: as not require

**Spooky Nick Nolte Movie of the Month** because the Road Company's *Fallen* (R) is a Jackson just couldn't stand to break out another war-bellied samurai to comedy they made *Northfork*, an eerie film about a Missouri town in the days before a hydroelectric dam's built. It underwires Flip Slapping between the inverted dream of a young boy/elf in the care of a heart-hearted priest (Nick Nolte) and the very real world of the evacuation committee (James Woods). *Moss* (R) is a *Northfork* a barer, cast, and classy look at July 11

**Online-Shopping Tip of the Month** says to visit [tgs.com](http://tgs.com) if you're 16 percent of clothing sold on an eBay site, "tgs" (pronounced "tee-gee") is the only item from "tgs" (the only item from "tgs") that is sold on eBay. Now that number is 10 percent. Only 10 percent of the top 30 t-shirts listed on eBay's website were a fashion brand by the end of 2002, 15 of the top 30 t-shirts were fashion brands (what else makes eBay his become an excellent place to buy clothing on the cheap effectively).

**Mainly PBS Show of the Month**  
Seven fascinating ways you can make these things! It's super hot. It's super clean. It keeps it lubricated. The grill master is a new 10-episode series. (Available weekly) [Watch your favorite episode!](#)

**Obscure Southern Record of the Month** We believe the historical record of actors portraying white supremacists who try to kill or harm anyone who openly opposes racism at one time and another in another Southern record. Madison Street Ball. For right, it was said as about his debut album. *Party with the Party*, *Whitey*, *Colson*. We didn't expect much. We were wrong. This is some smoothie—well, *Whitey*, and not a little roughed. But it's not your average white. June 17, 2014. [www.south.com](http://www.south.com)

**Televised Gambling Event of the Month**  
 Nowhere is high-stakes competitive poker so  
 huge that the movie world has begun  
 broadcasting the World Poker Tour—with  
 cameras revealing each player's hole  
 cards—during prime time. The season  
 starts at 9-10 p.m. ET on June 25, when  
 the latest video drawdown battle is all  
 of pokerdom's best for big-potting  
 action—and a cool million in cash.

**Canine-inclusive  
Library Month  
of the Month**  
August 2015 has  
died. The pole will  
rest on the cow-  
per-dog 50  
the August

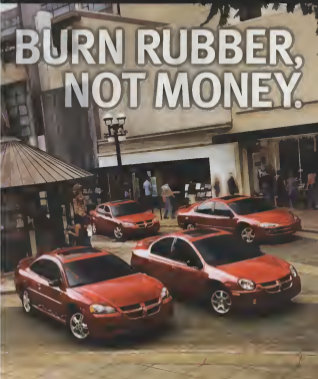
Carolyn Parkhurst's *The Days of Wonder* (Little, Brown, \$22) is a heartwarming exploration of memory and language, grief and redemption. June 22

**DODGE SXT.** Not to suggest anything illegal, but Dodge SXT series makes you feel like you're getting away with something. Because Intrepid, Neon, and Stratus Sedan/Coupe all have great performance, cool looks, and value. Please visit [dodge.com](http://dodge.com) or call 800-4ADODGE.

GRAB LIFE BY THE HORNS



**BURN RUBBER,  
NOT MONEY.**





# THE AMAZING ARHNOID!

PART ONE

RELAX, LADY.  
IT'S TERMINATOR  
TIME AGAIN. THE OLD  
ARNOLD-MAKE THAT  
THE FORMER  
ARNOLD-IS BACK.

POLITICS, PUH!  
IT'S MOVIE-STAR  
ARNOLD. WITH HIS  
PECS, HIS PUMP GUN,  
HIS PINZGAUER...

...HIS  
PAINTINGS.  
"I LOVE COLOR!  
IT'S THE FEMINE  
SIDE OF ME."

BY  
JEANNE  
MARIE  
LASKAS

PHOTOS  
BY SAM  
JONES

**H**

IN OFFICE in Santa Monica is a kind of *Seinfeld*-esque casual, polished and jocular. More staid versus life-sized and not-as-filicited Combs, Prentiss, Kravitz, True Love and Terminator merchandise, and tons of trophies that, like everything else here, are without doubt.

Also here to chat, the first star of his name: Which did, the brains trust of Arnold Koppe. He had commissioned a prize James Dean, a prize Vladimir Lenin, big words, little awards, daggers, of course photos of Morris and the kids, a signed photo of him sliding with George Bush Sr. at Camp David ("Arnold—come, damn it, here"), a guard dog, a whole lot of trophies, the massive legs of a five-hundred-year-old mermaid Hercules he got in Italy because he admired those perfect male calves. All the furniture is granite except the delicate bed, table, and chairs in the adjacent "Nautilus Room," a monument to his youth.

This is Arnold Land. The one lady out front has already given you Arnold T-shirts in his home, and Arnold has, and she has had you just your name clearly on a piece of paper so when he's ready to sign a photo, he will be sure to sign it right. You didn't ask for any of this. As a matter of fact, up to this point, you have not had much opportunity to speak at all. This is Arnold Land. Please do not interrupt your sight-see and the rich has come to a complete stop.

The other lady here, in a black shirt bearing the message "I GOT THE A-HA," is a publicist who is getting comfortable and knowing no one here. She's entering things into her PDA, listening, and really listening, trying to hear things new and agree so you get the point. And Arnold—he was a few minutes late because he hasn't worn this character gold watch (which he designed himself) in a while, and apparently it wasn't set right. He has no comb-over because of an allergic reaction (which he designed himself) and tight jeans with an alligator-leather belt (which he designed himself) with an enormous rhinestone belt buckle, and a black shirt, and he still has the head of a tender block, because while most guys, your head doesn't shrink as you age. But at fifty-five, the body might be shrinking. Well, of course it is. You skirt out Mr. Luvvies with curly-two-inch arms and a fifty-seven-inch chest and twenty-eight and a half-inch thighs, and you really have no other direction to go in.

He's moving slowly. Maybe something hurt? He's jipping across from a duty expresso cup made twice by his big hand. And you see the way he's moving, that little cat-in-the-doghouse heavy. Other than that, his skin is paper thin and his eyebrows are speckled with a distinguished gray and he has in the same hair he's had in every picture you've ever seen.



ARNOLD: You should sit closer to me if you're going to take pictures. They show you the trailer for the movie! It's about the use of the machines, the machines actually take over. It's very much tied in to what is going on in today's world, the computerization, and all this stuff.

LADY IN JUST-HAD-A-BABE SHIRT: This is such a highly anticipated movie—

So you lost weight since yesterday, huh?

LADY: No!

Yeah.

LADY: Since yesterday?

Yeah.

LADY: Well, I doubt it.

No no.

[Laughter]

Oh, that was a good one! That was a really good one!

LADY: Yeah, well, did you notice my shirt?

Just had a baby. Good. The expression. But we would guess that, you know, that there was something going down.

ALL NIGHT,  
GOING CRAZY, YOU  
KNOW, ALWAYS THE  
SHOTSUN OUT AND THEN  
PUMP THE SHOTSUN AND  
THEN SHOOT THE  
SHOTSUN, PUMP THE  
SHOTSUN, SHOOT.

LADY: Look, any woman who knows Arnold should get a medal of honor—  
Oh, yeah, it's only the five-trillionth that didn't! But I mean they think they all should get a medal of honor.

[Laughter]

So anyway, this is for what magazine is this? Right. Yeah. I was writing until 12:30 yesterday night with Dallas Kader from the *Parade* magazine. Yeah, until 12:30. I thought was, you know, when is my drive home, I'm trying to figure that out, all this kind of stuff. So you know everyone is trying to come with an idea. But anyway, so your story is about the what, the thing. You should sit closer to me if you're going to take pictures.

I have no idea why I was still do this at my age. I could not tell you, but we are talking a *Terminator* already. I try to keep in really good shape, you know, it was very important to me for T2 since there's again another male around in the beginning of the movie.

Of course, I got injured the first week I was filming. I had to rock the shotgun all night, which is a four-and-a-half-pound shotgun, going chacha, you know, the whole night and always the shotgun out and then pump the shotgun and then shoot the shotgun and then pump the shotgun, shoot, and then was going on for two days, so I think the tear happened right then.

I just had the shoulder surgery, my doctor said, which is the worst thing that you can do because the rehabilitation and the physical therapy is awful. I mean I've never gone through pain like this before in my life. You know I can only hit my arm that high and that is a great program.

Christopher, his five-year-old son, pops his head in the door. Hey, Christopher? Roman here?

Christopher comes in, jumps on his lap.

CHRISTOPHER: Dad, when is I going to eat?

Walter has his arms around, older waiter do pizza?

CHRISTOPHER: Pizza.

Okay. Get us a pepperoni and sage. "Pizza, pizza."

CHRISTOPHER: Okay.

Roman!

Christopher leaves in for a kiss.

Derek: Bring Papa a pizza too, okay?

Christopher dips off.

[Singing] It's the summer kid that we have in this age—hey's counting now to sixty already in Germany. I work with it, I promise here with the pizza and still to get her motivated, but he's so bright, the computer, the thing, and everything is

like unbelievable. Also it's like he knows what you like. He will come in the middle of the night and he will know that the way he can wake them up is to say "I'm here to study call the words you." And my wife says, "Yeah, but I'm sleeping, Christopher!" and he says, "But I need a cuddle. Right now I need a cuddle. Let's just cuddle. Are we cuddling already?" You know he's asking her and then finally she holds him and he says, "Now we're cuddling, that's fine!"

What time do you want? Eleven when? Because now this says five minutes to eleven. Thank you. Thank you. LADY: Arnold is a watch-conscious/obsessive.

[Sings] Believe me, she usually leaves after ten minutes.

LADY: Tell her about your watches.

I always do watches for each of the movies that is special signature watches that will be sold limited edition and the proceeds go to my charity. I do a lot of things like that. Take all my work with Hammer. Because I'm sort of related with the Hammer. A big guy, the muscles, the *Muscle*, and this and that. So they would not be someone one of their spokesperson and they offered a huge amount of money, so I said, Look, my answer is not at this point that I have to tell you.

I said, Why don't we work out a deal where it's a charity deal. I'm not out there and it's [singing] to American sound, "It's this Arnold Schwarzenegger suggest I represent power. I represent energy. I represent durability! That's why I believe in the 30. You all know the 30. But the 30 is more ordered. Even though it has big hands, big calves, all of those kind of things." [Singing back to yourself] you know, I didn't see myself doing that. . . . So we worked out that I'll do five appearances for Hammer and work with them on the design of the Hammer. I was part there, at the General Motors, working on the 80 and the 100 and 115. I wasn't a kid, all the way to 2004, they are already designing new cars, and so what we did, they're giving us \$10 million for the *Iron-City* Games for my charity. We distribute it among the fellow cities, they agree to sell only one, then the cities can auction them off and they usually \$150,000, \$200,000 or so. The auction with the radio talks and stuff like that, all of them are signed and numbered, with the money for the charity.

LADY: The plaques—

Yeah, they used me the plaque, I sign the plaque, they screw it into the car, new data is a personal one. Hammer from Arnold Schwarzenegger.

The design, yes, of course I help do the design for the cars. Usually, I see certain things right away that are off. Like the wheels need to be bigger in order to fit the proportions. I don't like this thing sticking out from the bottom because Hammer's known for high clearance, so soon as you have this lower thing that it doesn't work visually and whatever it is, the wheel, I don't like it to go all the way up to the top—it looks like it's like, let's bring it down, here a little more to the top, you know, that brings a better flow, it makes a more dynamic line, let's put the grille back in the front, the back to make it look like the back of the helicopter can pick up the car and fly off with it. That's the sort of things I see right away, they're very obvious to me.

It's for a lot of fun. And I must like today, you have to come down and see the car—they're dropping off an Austrian military vehicle down there. It's called the Panzerang. The Panzerang is the name of a horse. It's like here the *Gladiolus* it would be over there the Panzerang. It would be the warhorse.

"This car they have rebuilt for me. We used it in *Terminator*, and then they brought it back to the company, rebuilt it exactly



# THE AMAZING ARNOLD!

PART TWO

BY ROBERT  
KURSON  
PHOTOS  
BY SAM  
JONES

A NATURAL  
POLITICIAN, NO? NO?  
WELL, HE IS ACQUAINTED  
WITH THE IMPOSSIBLE, HAVING  
ONCE VOWED TO EAT A  
KILO OF DUNG IF IT WOULD  
ADD A POUND  
OF MUSCLE

AND THEN,  
BEFORE HE  
COULD BECOME THE  
WORLD'S BIGGEST  
MOVIE STAR, HE HAD  
TO LEARN TO SPEAK  
ENGLISH.

AND NOW HERE,  
IN THIS STORY, HE SAYS  
THIS: "I WOULD LOVE TO BE  
THE GOVERNOR OF  
CALIFORNIA.... IF THE STATE  
NEEDS ME, AND IF THERE'S  
NO ONE I THINK IS BETTER,  
THEN I WILL RUN."



THIS IS THE PART  
WHERE I'M SUPPOSED TO  
TELL AN INSIDE ANECDOTE  
ABOUT TERMINATOR 3 AND  
THEN SIGN OFF WITH  
"I'LL BE BACK," OR "HASTA  
LA VISTA, BABY."

ooo

DETROIT HAS barely wiped the sleep from its eyes and already the world's greatest action hero is just a month away. *Hustle* inside the city's opulent, historic mansions, where the elite live in luxury, is the most perfect physical specimen of a man who has conquered sin, greed, and the devil himself. Many of these people have wasted hours, and some have found it necessary to refer to this man by anything but his first name. Arnold has come to Detroit, they say. Arnold is just a name away. "While way for Mr. Schwarzenegger," shouts a policeman as a black-and-white Hummer pulls up to the building's front doors. The crowd screams and pushes closer. *Hustle* begins to play. The Terminator's passenger door opens, and Arnold Schwarzenegger steps out. For a moment, the people seem not to recognize him. He wears no sunglasses or jewelry—just a blue blazer, tan trousers, and a white shirt. He is fifty-five years old, trim and toned but not ripped. He comes a moment's glance at his trademark cigar. His California license numbers exactly two—a personal license, and the executive director of the charity he founded in 1998. He closes his own car door.

For a few minutes, Schwarzenegger shakes hands and poses for photos. He shakes the hands of a grade-schooler who flutters for him. "I can see you pumped up this morning," he says in the thick Austrian accent that flatters perhaps the most famous voice in the world. "I must go inside now. I have important work inside."

In an upstairs meeting room, a dozen people greet Schwarzenegger and ask him to sit at the head of a conference table. They are the board members of the Detroit chapter of the Inner-City Games Foundation, Schwarzenegger's foundation, an organization devoted to providing after-school programs for children. There are fifteen chapters in the United States, and they serve more than half a million kids.

The assembled take their seats. One board member makes a PowerPoint presentation. Another discusses adolescent obesity. Then it is Schwarzenegger's turn. This is the part where he is supposed to tell an inside anecdote about his forthcoming film, *Terminator 3*, sign a few plaques (show Inner-City

Games, then sign off with "I'll be back" or "Hasta la vista, baby.") That's how celebrity charities work. The star shows, sponsors a little Hollywood to inspire the troops, and bolts. "You've done a great job on the first steps of after-school programs, which is the fitness and sports part," he says. "But we have a crisis here, and we must respond positively. We studied the findings of the Rand Institute, UCLA, the Ross Institute, and others on the benefits of after-school programs. I've visited hundreds of schools and watched the evolution of their programs. On Wednesday, I met with U.S. Secretary of Education Rod Paige. In a few weeks, I head back to D.C. for more meetings, and I know what I'm going to hear. Let me tell you this bluntly: It is not enough anymore to simply offer sports in after-school programs. First, it's not as beneficial as it could be for the kids. But equally important—and I'm here today to tell you we cannot forget that—it's not the way a program like ours survives in these times."

That's the Terminator sitting there. That is Conan the Barbarian, the warrior who, when asked in the interview what was best in his, answered, "Grash year enemies see them down before you, and hear the liberation of their women," and the way he said it while holding that five-foot sword, you know that maybe he was right. Barbarians do not study public policy. But Schwarzenegger just keeps talking education so if there weren't the slightest thing strange about it.

"Several states have said their first budget cuts will be in after-school programs. In other states, the governors promise to cut education funds. That means we must respond. I know how the government thinks about these things, and I want you to understand it. They are happy to fund after-school programs, whether with Title I money, or other funds—so long as the program can show progress and success, so long as it's accountable. And one of the best ways to show progress and success in after-school programs is to stress academics. I can point you to several studies that show great success in programs that use the first hour of an after-school program for academics. It makes the kids smarter, they stay in school, and their behavior changes because they feel more secure academically and connected to the school. That's best for our kids. And that's what makes the mayors and the governors happy."

A woman raises her hand. She prefaced her question with a long expression of appreciation for Schwarzenegger's attendance but what the affection in her voice and the expression on her face really seem to say is, "I know you were a three-time Mr. Olympia, that you still have twenty-inch biceps, and that you've killed more than four hundred people in your movies, so if you cannot answer this tough question, that's completely fine by all





## ➔ American Music 2003

**Right now** there's a record executive losing money, if he hasn't already lost his job. We'd like to feel sorry for him, with this whole file sharing and CD-buying crisis sapping his bottom line. But we can't exactly sympathize while he waits for his profits to shrink, with file music fans amping up our piracy game. Never before has there been a more fertile time to be a fan, with this much music. This much good music, as readily available for this taking. Here's at least 275 reasons to celebrate.

Thirty years ago, a British music magazine ran an obituary for Alice Cooper. Enough people took the joke seriously that Cooper issued a statement: "I'm alive and drunk as usual." Fast-forward to a few weeks ago, when Elton nearly passed us. Not the real Elton, we're fairly sure, but a hilarious and truly frightening San Francisco impersonator who calls himself Extreme Elton and regularly sings naked and "baptizes" fans in his "golden nectar." The strange part wasn't dodging a three-headed-peaked parent, but rather how it made us feel. Aside from some mild nausea, however helpful it was in easing. It was a "music" experience, and though it was out there, way out there, it was also inspiring us to write music, creating and stretching broader songs into something altogether new and different. Even if it was a little messy. And while the business of music may have recently wobbled on the rocks near Cupertino, California (with Steve Jobs rushing to perform CPR), music itself did not die with the bassoon. Music is, in fact, alive and drunk as usual. Granted, there's no way to properly apologize for Nelly's obscenity. But there has never been a better time to consider your self a music fan. The simple—and glorious—truth is that more people are embracing new music from more new bands on more "new" labels than ever before. CDs may be made and sold with less music to ever leaving their shelves. You're now free to make the artists listening to more than just the world's songs on the radio in your living room. You can buy a live CD recording of a concert before you even reach the parking lot. You can live up iTunes, and download it if it's not soiled proof that you can easily sample the next new thing—whether it's the Polyphonic Spree's unapologetic collision of gospel and psychedelia or the Dixie Avenue Marching Band, a forty-five-piece outfit channeling out-pyrotechnic Black Sabbath concert. Then there are Raheim Randolph, Cover Unseen, and Ryan Adams—artists it's easy to imagine following twenty years from now. In England, Ireland, and even in the nostalgic miles of a record shop, there's good old music out there. It's time to go find it.

WORD ILLUSTRATION BY HUGH KRETSCHMER









Bye-bye Miss American Pie  
Drove my Chevy to the levee  
But the levee was dry  
-Don McLean



WE'LL BE THERE



BY ANDY LANGER

For twenty-five million Apple users, 1 Infinite Loop, Cupertino, California, is the street address of nirvana. And indeed, when you walk into Apple headquarters, it is a world of wonder, as in, I wonder how they make posters that look like *Star Wars*. At the center of a giant stream hangs a poster that makes a typical highway billboard look like a page out of a magazine: impossible to ignore, the size of a basketball court but hanging from the ceiling. In full color, there's a collage of dozens of album covers—from Ring Crosby to Beck, ABBA to Guns N' Roses. And at the bottom, in letters three feet high, is a simple rhetorical question: YOU SAY YOU WANT A REVOLUTION?

Here, Jobs is selling this very issue that we do. And it is not a crazy bet. Steve Jobs's latest project could very well save music, which needs saving. The formal announcement of the revolution came on a rainy April morning at a San Francisco convention hall. With "The Times They Are A-Changin'" blaring, Jobs came center stage—unhyped, wearing a black turtleneck, jeans with no belt and cuffs rolled up, and a pair of New Balance sneakers. Thanks to an overhead projector, the assembled had the chance to watch Jobs read aloud on his Apple workstation. Using the service we'll all get used to see, he was downloading a disparate batch of music—from John Meyer's "Kiss Myself in a Wonderful" to Golden Earring's "Wilder Love."

Apple's new iTunes Music Store is the first legal service to offer instant downloads from the catalogs of all five major music companies. And the service costs monthly subscribers for a less complicated model. Each hour from its two-hundred thousand-track library costs ninety-nine cents and comes with its liberal rights for duplication and CD burning. For the record companies, the iTunes Music Store might be just the way, after a dismal few years, to finally find sunlight. Having been staggered by the post-Napster wave of file-sharing sites like Kazaa and Grokster, which have literally been stealing their business, the company ex-

## ▶ The God of Music?

If Apple's trash and bold new digital music service works, that's pretty much what he did. A conversation with Steve Jobs

ecutives were frantically scribbled and in attendance for Jobs's big show. There was Interscope's Jimmy Iovine in his trademark baseball cap, recording industry lobbyist Hilary Rosen, Tom Whalley from Warner Bros., Doug Mervin from Universal, Sylvia Rhone from Elektra. You could almost see the new life in their faces. In fact, when Jobs announced his new position as illegal file-sharing—"It's stealing," he says, "and it's best not to mess with karma"—the VIPs clapped the loudest.

But you might say that Jobs himself has been part of these executives' nightmare scenario, as he has done his part—with the iPod, the change-your-life-device that's already at the forefront of the MP3 player business, and Apple's "Big Mix, Burn" campaign to give birth to the ethos of the download, which has nearly spelled their doom. Jobs now says he's hoping that Apple's online music store will again make music an impulse buy. Of course, the thing that gives identity to the business is the fact that a lot of kids—a lot of people—are no longer acquainted with the idea that music is something you buy at all. But enough folks apparently found stuff they liked at the store (Apple.com/store) to give Apple staggering five-day sales of a quarter of a million downloads, and a million in the first week, an indication that maybe this guy is indeed pointing the way to the future.

One Infinite Loop is a technologist's dream of impossibly green grass and impossibly shimmering glass. Through the glass you can see Jobs walking to fetch his own soap and salad from the cafeteria, just as you also see the oncoming corporate politician who's there to buy you a cup of coffee and remind you that Jobs is a private man. The only likely to discuss his vegetarian diet, oh, right, or anything else vaguely personal, but "he loves talking about innovation, Apple, and the music industry."

After a few minutes, Jobs is sitting across a conference-room table, looking up, at a little bird. And since those five-day sales figures aren't in yet, he's playing defense—

ILLUSTRATION BY JUSTIN WOOD





P

Be My, • The Phil  
Be My Baby • Spector Story

The MOZART of American pop music.  
A RECLUSE  
Suspected of MURDER, never charged.  
Mostly, though, he's a man in search  
of a little love and understanding.

BY SCOTT RAAB  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL KELLEY





armor and bag paper-thin shoes and bags, muted, muted-looking tapestries, and the brown-clad maid brings you coffee. And you sit on a plump velvet red seat.

And wait. And there he is suddenly at the bottom of the big staircase: Phil Spector. All in black, a careful dress with a crooked smile. Myths, goss, all that, but still an other evening's date: a wealthy man, growing old alone. A nice man, funny, happy, smart. There he wants to make an impression with the line and the steps and all that stuff, but there's the deeper impression: He's very shy and lonely. He's tiny, fragile. That's Phil. He has company.

He doesn't want to be nagged about the old days or written about or photographed—but he also doesn't want to be forgotten. He doesn't want to die forgotten. He wants to talk about the Lakers and crop tops and Bob Dylan and crack cocaine and discuss current events. He made it too rich and too famous too young, and he grew more frightened, not less—scared to fly, leery of the cruise-industry thugs whose tour he'd accepted to fly, afraid that he was only a mother's boy, a daddy's little man. And true love turned out to be just another tag-along, but worse than making his records, because love didn't yield to momentary whims or the will to control and perfect each note and number.

The next time I visit, I drive myself to the castle and skip the hike up the steps. Phil has a few people over and orders out for pizza—Bepi John's. There's a towel laid out on an enormous crystal bowl, and we eat off white-linen plates with gold-plated spoons and it's a fine time. There's Phil and an old pal and pop-music lawyer Marvin Mickelson and four women. One is Michelle Blaine and the other three, so far as I can tell, are more or less babies. Two of them have never been to the castle before, and they ask for a look around.

"Ma?" Phil asks.  
"It's okay," says one of the babies, "we'll just make ourselves." "Ma, you want?" Phil asks. Is it a girl, just once that ends that suggest of the corner office.  
And that's about as wild as the evening gets—not weird at all, really, unless you count Phil's babygirl, who sticks her

self on a chair near the door. Although when I later look at the third blinkest business card—she's a "Host • Reporter • Anchor • TV/Radio" it's really a photo of her holding a microphone and reclining on a purple pillow with her little black dress tucked up to her ass and a pair of apple-buffed leopard-dots boots on her upturned legs. She belongs to SAG and AFTRA, says the card—whether she knows, who knows, saying yes but still looking to score, chosen in a sea of sharks.

**On the Gulfstream.** Phil tells a joke: Two Japanese businessmen are enjoying a golf in Barb where one says to the other, "Aldo, I regret having to say this, but I must tell you that your wife is dishonoring you. Worse—the dishonoring you with a girlfriend of the Jewish persuasion." Aldo calmly finishes bathing, and over dinner that night he says, "Honorable wife, I have heard that you are dishonoring me with a son of the Jewish persuasion."

And Aldo's wife lowers her eyes and says "Oh, horrible husband, who told you that disgusting?"

I laugh, he laughs, and she's awfully nice up here at the O'Halloran wing, much less mad and far more beautiful, at least for a while. The coffee is strong and hot, served by Roger in white china. Philip makes his Diet Dr. Pepper for Diet Coke. The deli-sliced meats, peppered and plain, are in solid, choices, and a little slatter of cheese and pickles and peppers and mayonnaise and fresh stuff. There is the perfect chivesauce, fresh fruit, and a box tray in the fridge to ease we feel like no other such before leaving.

Excuse, I'll grab you the moonshot, sweetest cross-country hard money can buy—but there's nothing sweeter about it, not at all. A man could grow accustomed to the quick and never, ever wish to go back to that dress, much less couch. Much less prison.

Captain Roger is humming along toward Teterboro, New Jersey, at 900 miles per hour and 45,000 feet, and all is quiet, nearly silent, save for Spector's hoarse, breathy voice. Michelle is napping; Francis draped in Andrine; and I

stretched on a sofa seat back near the pantry. Just asleep. Blaine's water bottle is balanced upside down to a glass on his crate, with a plastic tube running through the wires for him to sip from, he hasn't made a peep since we took off.

Philip pulls a digital camera out of a small pouch on his crate and asks me to shoot his photo. He shows a black eye, scratched, buzzed up to his collarless neck, embroidered with "PS" in gold Gothic script. His black jeans are tucked into buckles making two rows to midcalf. His hands are small, with soft, tapered fingers. The only jewelry he wears is a silver ring smoking down one finger in a loose letter S. Oddly, Nish, he looks like any ordinary old rock 'n' roller.

But after I snap the photo—he doesn't try to smile—he takes the camera and switches to a different pair of glasses and squints long and hard at his own face captured in the tiny screen on its back. Long, hard, until one side turns part of gloom—until he rises as if hypnotized and walks slowly away, stopping square in front of the mirrored cockpit door, no more than six inches from it. And there he stands, staring through himself, blank-faced, as if he had been planned, had grown from a seed embedded in the gray carpet a hundred years ago. Then his right hand flutters up to put down a knot of hair and blinks. He's lost, dead.

The hand drops to his face and slowly strokes his cheek. Once, twice, three.

His mouth drops and fills open.  
Time grinds to a halt, hanging with us in silence.  
It is the grunge of a man who is, back at, home. There is no man there. It is an image, a shadow, a ghost.

**Of the thousands** of photos I've seen of him at various stages of his life, two show Spector smiling. One's a publicity shot of Phil and the three Basstons, leaning way back, smirky off his feet, he's laughing behind bulging sunglasses, trapped from tripping by three crotches. Darky goes with four high boots. Stripes—Basstons, even so he's his wife, there we're, out later for in battles over child custody and alleged unpaid royalties—his right arm hooked around Phil's ribs and her left under his knees. Her look isn't a smile, it's a grimace.

The other shot is unsmiling. Spector and his teens, his boys, his brothers-in-law—they called themselves the Working Crew—with Philip at the center held aloft by Hal Blaine and manager Ray Croon. Phil's wearing dark pants, his striped



• Lisa Clarkson above died a fiery on February 2. Spector was arrested. The photo above, taken on the four months since, is an alleged FBI photo.



vest is dangling down to his thighs, the neck of his white shirt is open, and what looks like a tiger stamp is sticking out of one side of his mouth, which is smiling from ear to breast ear. You can actually see his teeth.

Besides Philip, twelve guys are visible—they're in the studio, the radio stands are set up behind them—and each of the men has one arm raised high in triumph. Each could feel puncher the air. Their mouths are stretched in a fierce hunch you can almost hear today.

They have finished something. Something good, maybe great. A Phil Spector studio session could last days at a time, in an era when his records got made in an afternoon, Spector often took weeks to match the technical detail crack to the perfection he heard inside his head—before even recording a note of the record. The first studio to the men worked with, told them not to give up, even so there's that together they were making history. They wore T-shirts with his face emblazoned on the front. Phil was the leader, the general, their quarterback, in this photograph he has just passed for the game-winning touchdown with no time left on the clock, and the team is rejoicing. His buddies are carrying him off the field.

And that's the dream that never dies. Long after he's got love burns down to everyday life, a man still looks back to the



• At the top: Spector and his wife, Lisa Clarkson, in a photo taken in 1971. Below: Spector and his wife, Lisa Clarkson, in a photo taken in 1971. Below: Spector and his wife, Lisa Clarkson, in a photo taken in 1971.

**THE BEST OF PHIL SPECTOR**  
ONE MAN'S TOP FORTY BY SCOTT R. ABRAHAM

THE BEST OF PHIL SPECTOR  
THE BEST OF PHIL SPECTOR  
THE BEST OF PHIL SPECTOR

THE BEST OF PHIL SPECTOR  
THE BEST OF PHIL SPECTOR  
THE BEST OF PHIL SPECTOR

THE BEST OF PHIL SPECTOR  
THE BEST OF PHIL SPECTOR  
THE BEST OF PHIL SPECTOR

THE BEST OF PHIL SPECTOR  
THE BEST OF PHIL SPECTOR  
THE BEST OF PHIL SPECTOR

THE BEST OF PHIL SPECTOR  
THE BEST OF PHIL SPECTOR  
THE BEST OF PHIL SPECTOR

THE BEST OF PHIL SPECTOR  
THE BEST OF PHIL SPECTOR  
THE BEST OF PHIL SPECTOR

THE BEST OF PHIL SPECTOR  
THE BEST OF PHIL SPECTOR  
THE BEST OF PHIL SPECTOR

were he fought and the men who stood fast with him, and those feelings—of brotherhood, the glory of red in a common cause—are what have forever in his soul.

Beyond his music, Phil Spector never has opened his heart or public display, adds one, be never will. He never has co-opted with a biographer; he used the last one, in 1989, for \$10 million. (They turtled.) He has three ex-wives, four grown children—one of his sons died at age nine, of leukemia—a million pills and anecdotes, vast wealth, singular talent, a permanent autumn legacy, and nobody to share any of this with. The people he sees now are on his council.

In late 1964, with both "Walking in the Sun" and "You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling" enjoying the charts, a non-per-fect father of New-Jarusalem then Wally profiled a twenty-three-year-old Phil Spector for the bygone New York Herald Tribune, that article, "The First Tycoon of Teen," published in '66, has been Spector's official media portrait for forty years. When a four-CD retrospective of Spector's music was released in 1990, Wally's piece ran in the companion booklet, right after Spector's own dedication—to Ken Kesey, his fellow-

Forty years ago, Spector boasted to Wolfe that he was spending \$600 a week to see a psychiatrist. In an interview with *Newsweek* for London's *Sunday Telegraph*, published just before Lena Chalkin died—Philly had then been in London for months of last year, working with a band three called Ramblin'—Spector ranted on at length about his meditations and his mental illness. After February 3, a sampling of his quotes from that interview: “I have decided that this fiasco me” was, handed down, the most popular—because embedded in the coverage of the incident and bounced around the planet.

Grant has his past, but I don't think Phil Spector's debts are all that special, just better-fed. I don't think half a life spent in connected behind a gilded wall of silence—without much work and mostly alone, is good for anyone.

**After a long time** staring into the mirror, he turns away and sits back down in the seat across from mine. His eyes are red and wet. His hands shake.

"It's *Antony and a Frame-Up!*," he says, still softly, not much above a purr. "There is no case. They have no case. I didn't do anything wrong—I didn't do anything. I called the police myself. I called the police. This is not Bobby Blake. This is not the Menendez brothers. They have no case. If they had a case, I'd be sitting in jail right now."

"She handed the gun. I have no idea why—I never knew her, never even saw her before that night. I have no idea who she was or what her agenda was. They have the gun—I don't know where or how she got the gun. She asked me for a ride home. Then she wanted to see the cattle. She was loud—she was loud and drunk even before we left the House of Blues. She grabbed a bottle of tequila from the bar to take with her. I was not drunk. I wasn't drunk at all. There is no one else that killed herself."

Spector tells me that he was "tased" by the police, that they stripped his 10-year-old Mercedes limo of anything that might contain a nuclear defense code, ransacked the castle, seized his guns and his computers, and ran gunshot residues tests on him. He's angry at Marvin's little behavior for sneaking up with enemies about

the incident, furious with Robert Shapiro—his attorney for the case and also a close friend—for charging him a huge fee, and read at Nancy Sinatra, to whom Philip has referred in the past as his “fiancee,” for failure to stand by him.

*"You know it at the sold me!" he said. "I was 19," says, "My mother told me, Omgod—Wancy it could've been!"*

In early March, Michelle Flint sent out a e-mail pleading that as L. A. radio station would report that the Sheriff's Department was going to announce that Lene Clarkson's death was the result of an "accidental suicide," and that Spencer wouldn't be charged. The Sheriff's Department responded by saying that the matter was still being investigated in a homicide.

Richard Shapiro issued a statement expressing confidence that a thorough investigation would show that his client had committed no crime. L. A. radio station quickly and agent insist that she would kill him off himself the next day. She was not her agent, she would bring to lead a sitcom part, trying to stay up comedy, and took the lawsuit on at the House of Blues VIP room to make her met and look up with some shorter, haircuts.

And there it sits. Two people alone in the castle at five a.m., and one winds up dead of a gunshot wound. The cops say that they have the gun that fired it. They autopsied the body—Spector tells us that Rhigino hired two forensic pathologists to sit in—and run their tests. And?

And

WHY, then, is Clarkson, God rest her soul, gone, and whatever her agenda, not however smart her memory, the chance that, after many years of discussing other students in Los Angeles, she didn't know exactly what she was up to—and what she was doing with, and why—when she left the House of Blues that night is exactly the same chance she had of becoming Marilyn Monroe: zero. And Phil Spector, who has realized that the presumption of innocence is nothing more than a pretty concept even among friends, is dying in New York City for a few days of what he hopes will be endless fun. Robert Shapiro will not answer my request for his comments. And Los Angeles' Mayor William B. Bratsis, Los Angeles' first openly gay mayor, heads me off at the airport, saying that this case is "not personally unusual." We can compare our investigation—waiting for evidence to fall around us on job

"When we're done, we'll be presenting this thing to the district attorney's office. We're not rushing anything. This is just one more case. We handle them all the same. We'll see how it plays out. We don't wanna taint the jury pool, we're not gonna try the case in the media. The jury's gonna be the triers of the case—if it gets to court. These are old sh— and if he ends up going to jail, we'll be very hard on him. It's important for me that he gets a fair shake in this."

Lieutenant Stoneberg sounds like a decent man on the phone. Patient. The man with the badge has all the resources your tax dollars can buy, and all the time in the world to bring a homicide charge.

## Spector never listens

to Tony Bennett and Billie Holiday and Frank Sinatra singing Gershwin and Jerome Kern.

"Real America's movie," he says, "bottle it all has character."

Louis Armstrong?

Speaker nods: "He never played a wrong note. He never sang a wrong note. Everything he did was perfect. You know what Quincy Gilmore said when someone asked him about Louis? No Louis, no Dixie."<sup>10</sup>

He wants to work again. He wants to work with Steadhead. He wanted to do something with Boma, who wanted to do something with Phil and called to talk about writing a song together and made plans to hook up—and then came February 13. Spricer never heard from him again. He says that he can't find anything subtle. Steadhead has his own set of concerns.

"You can't spend these months of your life making an album with guys who play poolball and video games all day. These guys are very good, but they're dumb. They're idiots. There are no Rollins Stones anymore. There are no Beatles."

I fish *All Things Must Pass* out of my log—the two CD release from 1968—and read aloud this sentence from George Harrison's notes: "I still like the songs on the album and believe they can continue to outline the style in which they were recorded."

Spector laughs. "Jesus fucking Christ," he says. "I gave him a reproductive credit just to get the fuck out of there. The slide guitar on 'My Sweet Lord'—he did ninety fucking versions of it. Then he had to do ninety more with a bottleneck. Then he brought Eric Clapton in to do another ninety."

That was Phil's first comeback. After "River Deep—Mountain High" failed in 1966—it spent a week on the charts, it never sold—he thanked the shareholders and had away for nearly three years. Spencer has cowritten and produced hundreds of great songs, "River Deep" in the best, memo dropped from God. Philby was twenty-five years old, he had the Windfall Case, he had Tim Turner, he had a string of top-ten hits that had made him the first brand-name producer in rock history—and still the second day.

"After Deep's was a huge hit in England, in America, it didn't even get played. Payback is a motherfucker, and Specter and I made enemies on all sides. The jockeys hated him because he never belted them to get sleep or respected them as music brokers, but B-tides were music doofers put there to prevent them from flipping his A-sides over. Record distributors, who had shored up and sustained record companies for years, found out that deejays/monkeys with Discotek

Philles label meant paying him every penny due for his last work if they wanted to get delivery on the next one. He had fought off the maximum's unions, who felt his use of overshilling took money out of their members' pockets, he had outbribe the leaders, outmaneuvered the mobsters, outwined the Jews, and outproduced the hell building masters who'd mentioned him, and he had crossed about all of it. Loudly

Spector's self-made ended in 1970, when the Beatles handed him the most of tapes they had nearly as much as they had one another by then, and Spector shared the tapes into *Let It Be*. Then George asked Phil to do *All Things*, and John and Yoko began working with him. So Spector produced and played some place on *Plastic Ono Band*—still the worst, most sewing and honest rock album ever made, and perhaps the most beautiful. (Followed by *Imagine*.)

The Lennon-Spector collaboration ended badly in early '74 when he in such awful shape that Yoko threw him out. He went to L. A. to make an album of oldies with Spector. Legend has it that both men were a little worse—Phil and Ronnie were fighting for custody of their kids—and drinking hard. At one session, Phil produced a gun and fired it into the ceiling of the studio. Not long after that, John returned to New York City.

"He was my brother," is all Spector says about those days. "He was my brother and she was his wife, and I was never going to win that war."

He pulls out a small DVD player and crams up *The Angled Truth*, the Cary Grant-Teresa Darrin screwball comedy made in 1937. "This is a great movie," Phil says. "And we watch it as dawn breaks across the horizon. It's cold and rainy when we land. Philip, Helmut, Michelle, and Patrick ride the wailing lone dune Route 2 to the Lincoln Tunnel and into the city. I call another car to take me home. Young Captain Forget, as people now call him, was in his late thirties and three thousand miles ago, even, me, we wouldn't be the same."

"Nah, but thanks. And thanks for getting us here. That was very, very kind."

"Thank you," he grins, waving me off. "I love my job."

Rock 'n' roll was never built to last—not long by

break and song by song—until Phil Spector came along. Mono wasn't merely his method. It was an *attitude* (see page 112).



Arrests, including a 10-day jail term, have plagued the 38-year-old artist, who  
of illnesses with the late George Jackson, still respect and admiration of  
Apple Records complicated after they collaborated on things such as the 1970  
album of his first studio work in success. See the movie biography, above

John Lennon and the Beatles' first studio album, *The Beatles*, was released in 1963. The Beatles' first studio album, *The Beatles*, was released in 1963. The Beatles' first studio album, *The Beatles*, was released in 1963.

[illegible][illegible]



[**KELLY BROOK, 33**] **Beds training:** After a few short stints on Brit hit TV, the former lingerie model landed a recurring role on the NBC's *Dawson*. Let's leave the forensic snailiness to the Desert Rats. "I travel with loads of makeup, plus loads of shoes and loads of clothes. I don't know the meaning of leaving light." **And the intelligence to Scotland Yard:** Brook was reportedly sacked from her job as host of the BBC morning show *The Big Breakfast* for not being smart enough. A complete lie, we know (but the retold-as-a-fact story *Purposeful Rhyming Slang*). **Stand beside us, please:** Gregory Peck is your rock, and Daniel Day-Lewis is your father. If it takes you all could go all right. **Soo above:**

**[AMELIA WARNER, 20]** *Book training:* As a neophyte teen bride in *Quills*, she (with powdered wigs) took a bit of a lot faster than they did at the House of Lords. Just before shooting, Love & Honor, a romantic comedy with Joaquin Phoenix, she shacked The (un)likely-looking actress had a relationship with Irish bad boy Colin Farrell—who has her nickname, “Babe.” (Said she has no finger.) *And Jews:* The British-sounding sheers reported that she starred him in a secret ceremony in 1995. “It’s a secret—and it wasn’t in the air,” she says. *Who said British women are pretentious?* “I have to take my partner with me everywhere. And I end up taking loads of old poetry books with me so even if I hear ‘break about at breaking’ by Shakespeare, ‘it’s someone can make me happy—like I can’t stop smiling happy—there’s what makes me go.’”

**[ANNA FRIS, 26]** *Book training:* When she was just seventeen, she saw with her own eyes a popular soap opera—on which she gives the UK its first devoted action hero. “I would walk down the street and people would yell ‘Dylan!’ Dylan Dylan!” ended off row. But it was nice to get flowers from boys. “I got up the hill to get flowers from certain people, I don’t know who they were.” *Take that, Prada!* “I’ve traveled everywhere. And even though I’ve been further abroad, I love Italy—it’s so romantic and chic—and the men are beautiful to look at.” *Further proof of our subjects’ altered wills:* “In the moment, there’s this big old obsession in England about the sex. Everyone in the gym is saying, ‘You have to have a perfect hair!’” “It’s like, ‘I just like it when your legs go up and there’s a perfect little curve at the top.’”



Esquire salutes our friends in lab coats as they push the boundaries of knowledge **By David Jacobson**



**1»** a French physicist worked out the mathematical formulas that describe successfully skipping a stone across water. According to his calculations, matching the world record of thirty-eight skips with a four-inch-diameter stone means for legend at twenty-seven miles per hour with a spin of fourteen revolutions a second.

**2»** Astronomers at Johns Hopkins University declared that if someone "had the universe in a box and could see all the light waves" in it, it would be pale turquoise. But two months later, they found it up in their software and announced that the universe is actually pale brass, a color they dubbed "cosmic bric."

**3»** An octopus wears one eye over the other, according to Australian researchers who tested this by spending forty hours over several weeks, holding a plastic crab one stick in front of the eye, aimed toward the

**4»** To study violent behavior in mice, researchers at the University of Cambridge, Germany, injected the m-methyl dye to make their urine glow green. The injected dyes between pairs that were blindfolded. Results? Mice with the dye in their urine were more aggressive than those without. (Cambridge University Press, 2010)

**5»** Researchers at the University of Texas and Hershey Foods Technical Center used high-performance liquid chromatography on the residue in spouted cocoa beans recovered from local bees. They found that prehistoric Mayans enjoyed it being chocolate drinks as early as 400 B.C. That is a thousand years sooner than previous cocoa origins had indicated.

**6»** King penguins stoop more deeply during their afternoon naps than they do in the morning. To determine this, researchers from the University of Plymouth, Devon, France, attached an array of the slumbering seabirds on remote islands near Antarctica and placed a series of three-and-a-half-ounce weights on their tails until they woke up.

**7»** twice as many people turn their heads to the right as to the left when looking discovered (Dür Gumbakon, a biopsychologist at Ruhr University in Bochum, Germany, he watched couples lock lips at airports, then studied beaches in Japan, the U.S., Germany, and made-out-central-Jersey

**8»** A team at the University of Tokyo crunched away on a supercomputer for more than four hundred hours using programs that took five years to write. Four quadrants amount to 24 million digits.

**9»** A new breed of genetically engineered fast fliers can be turned from helicopter to guy and back in minutes by flipping with the thermometer. At 44 degrees, they're straight for the West. But crank the heat to 46 degrees and in as little as two minutes they turn a guy-guy cascade. Cool it again and the fliers, in *very* full-on scream with *Geyser*.

**10»** Heidelberg and German researchers analyzed videotapes of crowds doing "the wave" in Mexican soccer stadiums. They found it usually moves at an (oddly slow) rate of a speed of about twenty seats per second. "It is governed by the notion that a few dozen people standing up simultaneously," they concluded, "and subsequently expands through the entire crowd as it acquires a stable new linear shape."

**11»** According to a scientist at Harvard's Bowdoin Institute, industry cops can tell the difference between someone who's singing and a machine. And once they do that, they can categorize their music. Like Muddy Waters and his bluesy, old-school blues.

**12»** An Australian mathematician determined that a shoe with two rows of six eyelets can be laced up 43,200 different ways, all of which could actually work. He also proved that "a rarely used and unexpected" "oharic" style was the best choice.

**13»** Analyzing databases covering 160-million Americans and series of studies, psychology researchers concluded that people unconsciously choose to live in places that resemble their own first or last names: e.g., people named Louis are disproportionately likely to live in hot, humid

**14»** fit find out whether elephants can run U.S. researchers videotaped forty-two Asian elephants chased into cages laced with foot traps. "They don't leave the ground," which is the classical definition, but they do seem to bounce," notes the study's author. "Our observers suggest that at greater speeds, elephants do more than merely walk."

**15»** After carefully reviewing the distasteful hundreds of center folds in *Playboy*, researchers at the University of Wisconsin concluded that the worst-to-first miscreants considerably from: 10/11 (September 1962) to: 10/2 (May 2000). [www.fox.com](http://www.fox.com)

ILLUSTRATION BY  
JAMES H. HARRIS, JR.









FOR THE COLLECTION: WHITE, J.  
07/2002 / PP. 104-105

Presence.  
A new  
short  
story  
by  
Arthur  
Miller

ESQUIRE 107

HE WALKS AT QUARTER TO SIX, sun in his face, right about being corrected for not doing enough for women, slips into welling streets and meets with a place toward her regional arm, and thereby for the morning leg steps into the cliff, walks toward the beach road in the evening mist, goes all even to the demand for its unaccomplished task of women on his back. The row of sleeping-breast houses and their dancing canals along the beach, his sandals whispering he searches for the public path down to the beach and will find it in a minute, the last house in the row. On the beach of the path below it, he sees the path for his first glimpse of the starting ocean, his hollowed hair more from so long past to childhood, when a loved man and sword him into something and fiery white on top and dark below with five things in it, as they departs. Once he had nearly drowned, at six, seven, another step now descending upon the tugs, blacked gray planks, and through the long open gaps along side him a white body suddenly, a man in his black T-shirt seen from his overboard vantage, looking. He falls in with slowly back and forth, a young boy, light and tanned, on his knees in hard control, but the crowded woman all his body behind a housework of steel and glass. Without dwelling to find himself turning back up the path and hails without the road. There is no other way to the beach, he will have to wait. He ponders in his house outside past the beach houses and really so surprised that he is not around himself. Finally because there is something more and controlled and therefore certain about this knowledge, as maybe it is his own reputation. Whatever, it merely leaves him with the restraint of courtesy. When it is not interrupted by movement at being barred from entering the beach, what an idea, to do it from the public path? On the other hand, they couldn't have expected anyone to come by at this hour still, though, a few people must. But they must be finished, he returns to the path and turns down again, engaging to enter a swimming area, certain they must be lying side by side this time, probably covered with a blanket. At the dark's brow he halts, under the man below him still looking at the last faint row, absolutely determined, dominating, a Pan-fucking world itself all at once could tell. A feather of something like four now at the edge, something stretched at such power, the primordial exchange of domination for submission. The man was now leaning up quicker and longer and already controlled strokes. He turned, his mouth opened and walked back toward the road before ascending entry, fearful of a row, not wishing to witness an absolutely sacred ritual, as though in watching it he would make it obscene, perhaps, as some challenge was there he would rather decline.

Another still, longer than now, as the white black in the house was here, he said his wife were, and finally turning back, as a last message to enter the beach, he mounted the dome and descended. The had given way to pure Adonis. Mary still inside the path by the form of the man below the others in

side a white sleeping bag, the women gone. The screen rolled softly, as given with still, the sunlight upon washing the gentle bridge slope of pecked sand. No one in the virgin water, but now off to the right, a woman in black shorts and a white T-shirt, standing up in the water in the margin of the recording sort, bending over to brush her legs back in the suddenly changing side. From his distance he could not tell what she looked like except that her thighs were full and beautiful, but her hair seemed to stand up still, very dark. He watched her strong out at the sea, her hair clenching up the surface and crossing to the sea. She saw her hair did not let her legs longer and nudged back to their own and spread out a blanket and sat beside the hidden men curled up on his side. A space of a foot or two separated them. She turned to look at the sunlight above himself. Then she looked at the sea again, she wiped her hands dry on the blanket, then turned to right and lay down with her knees raised. After a few moments she turned on her side, her back to the sleeping bag.

He walked to the edge of the sea, where shallow sand and push had, he realized, been the sounds he had heard through it all. Without a plan, he idled along the edge of the water away from the path. The sheer thoughtfulness of the ocean depths stirred him, nothing in his sea in a dense with feeling, as well and thoughtfully placing with his swimming strokes, with its most even tempo was gathering here. Breathing hunger, staring back toward the path to the shore, he was behind a few steps by the sight of them lying there some hundred feet away, the pairs still and the woman curled up with her back to it, and he sat on the sand and stared. Why did he assume, he wondered, that the man felt doomed and unhappy now? Why could the gap not have been silent with what he wanted nothing more to do? Perhaps she had heard him down, looked him, and now lay down the shore, resting before her next conquest. More or less, as he thought. Two of them in a cage with their silence and dark. And the sea. The sea's waves are the sign of the earth's most visible. The young woman sat up, the man remaining inert as his shadow, having done what could be done with his earlier tanning of death. She was strong toward the sea, the length of the beach still shaggy or empty. They must have slept the night there. It could have been their second feed. She slowly turned now and looked across the light at him. He lowered his gaze deferentially, masked for some reason by path of his knowledge of her, then turned to return her stare. She did upward onto her face and came walking over to him. As she approached, he saw the round of her legs and the Moon of her breasts. She was short. As the other closer he saw that her right leg only her hair had been only his shirt brought as somehow by fear and sunlight, she suddenly had heavy brows like hollowed in the nose and round cheeks and dark brown eyes. A woman's peak and anger could exempt the sea of half dollars. A Band-Aid around her left thigh, may be the spent a lot of time on the beach with its broken bottles and splintered wood. She halted, standing over him where he sat cross-legged.

"Do you have the time?"  
"No, but it's about half past six."  
"Thanks."

She glanced full of indecision out at the sea behind him. "Do you have a house here?"  
"No, I'm visiting for the weekend."

"He's the nakedly dressed several times like a philosopher, but sometimes or not he seems to feel like a student lost in his vision of things, whatever that was. She seemed to accept it as inevitable his strength, the only one on the beach besides her lover and herself. She stood at her ease, pressing a loose edge of her hand to her chest. Then she turned from her chair to him, her head bowed down to inspect him, take him in, a soft and almost breathing her mouth as though awaiting some admission to come from him. He felt he was blushing. Then she lifted peacefully and looked once more out at the water, her uplifted chin finding her a certain ability to recognize the absurdity of his thought now that it was she who was in charge of the beach.

Something had happened. Something, he realized, he realized with fear and apprehension that he had made a link, was not alone, and realized out to speak again unless to some purpose. Thirty years ago he had made such a link at this beach. There were fewer houses then than there could have been to the grass on the same dune, although the one he remembered doing it at seemed higher. She was dead now, a skeleton by the time, he supposed. But they had sat down in it, in absolute silence. And it had been in darkness, and he remembered the moon peek shining on the water like a road, an light coming into their black hair.

Was she not going to speak? He tried to speak around but fear swarmed in him so he looked up at her. A quick glance told him that the sack had not moved, it caught her person and left her another while. But he was not sleepy, she might still be thinking. Thoughts crossed the scene of her brow, he lowered eyes. From his single her placed legs were like pillars coming from the sand.

"You watched me?"  
His breath caught but he clung to his right. "I had no idea you were there."  
"I know, I saw you."  
"Really? I didn't see you. You were hidden by the grass?"  
"I could see you, though. Did you look good?"  
"Pretty good."

She moved and glanced toward the rock, shaking her head as though marvelling at something, but letting herself down on the sand, she looked back over her shoulder again, upon which he made sure that he would see her. Then she pulled her middle under her thigh and sat almost facing him in a half-leg position, but back straight. Now she seemed to have an almost Eastern grace, with her round cheeks pressing a few eyes into a pained gaze. "You came back once, didn't you?"

"Well, I thought you'd be finished."  
"I couldn't actually see you, you know, but I felt you were there."  
"How do you mean?"  
"Some people have a presence."

Setting in silence and staring at him, she seemed to be waiting for some agreed-upon thing to happen. He did not want to say or do anything that might embarrass her or send him

away. He turned out to the sea for a moment, pretending to look for an opportunity for there to speak because they were so aware in a shared silence. But she rose as if on a path and walked yards into the water. He studied with the beginning of shame at leaving her, then decided to follow and walked in to the water behind her despite realizing the final packet in his pocket, his wife's birthday gift, which would be ruined by water. She slipped under a soft wave. The water was surprisingly cold, but he let himself into it and swam beside her. They swam slowly facing each other, and then she floated closer to him and put a hand on his shoulder. He drew her in to his arms and then let her legs spread and looked him. A wave swept over their heads and they coughed and laughed, and she gasped, his legs and pulled him to her and kissed him. Her lips cold, then she slipped off and away and walked out of the water onto the beach, continuing up toward her lover who had not lost mood.

Knowing, he returned into his pocket and drew out the scientific and opened the four blades, wiping them with his damp fingers. Moving moisture out of its coated interior does not on the sand. He was not at all sure that the sea was warming up. The fresh air in his lungs made him high-headed, and he drew his head back with his eyes closed to absorb everything in retrospect. There must be something he should do. He moved and looked up across the beach and found her sitting at him where she sat on the blanket, still they held the state like two sides of a long forgotten card. Now he would lose her. Finally she was returning to his legs, standing out, he lay on his back with his mind waiting at having touched her body and somehow her spirit, and closed his eyes. He thought she began to creep up onto the back of his closed eyes, a moon in the sea somewhere left him as relaxed as after sex, and he felt he could do it now if he wished. A drowsy sleep began to form but the sea was rapidly becoming up and would burn him, so he sat up and, staring to his feet, he glanced once more across the beach toward her protective dome and his heart-chilled. They had gone. The shock flew at his stomach, threatened water. How was it possible so quickly? They would have to have killed her blanket and the man's sleeping bag and packed away some other things lying around. He hurried over to the dome where they had been but there was nothing, and the sand here was too loose to retain footprints. A lump of dirt rolled in his chest and turned him in all directions, but there was only the sea and the empty beach he turned over to the blanket path, hoping to reach the shore before they disappeared, then halted, seeing a white T-shirt suspended on poles of open grass, blowing down, he took it in his hands and felt a very slight body warmth in the fabric. Or had it been forgotten by previous lovers and was only washed now by the heat of the sun? A fear of being trapped over some restraining edge to enter his foot. Not at the same dark moment, a tremendous joy was flowing into him that was no longer connected to anything. He climbed the path to the street and turned up the road toward the houses where he was staying. How odd, he thought, that it mattered so little whether or not they were actually here if they had been had left him as happy? ■

# Arthur Miller

## What I've Learned

INTERVIEW BY MICHAEL OBERMAN

**You have to learn how to duck, because they're gonna throw it at you.**

**See in the most compressed set of circumstances what we've got. Everything is that collision.**

**What I'm doing is helping reality out. To complicate itself. I'm giving it a hand. But there's some piece of reality that is a moment outside that hangs on. It does hang on it.**

**When I was in Nevada, I lived about a year in a small town. There was a guy who had this house on stilts in the desert. And that was a very unusual thing. Looking at this house raised up about ten feet above the ground. I wondered, Was he waiting for a flood? Well, it turned out he had a hole in the ground under that house, and there was a silver mine down at the bottom of this hole. He would periodically go down and dig himself out some silver. That was his work. And I think that's like a writer. He's living on top of this hole. He goes down there and sees if he can dig out some silver.**

**There's such a variety of culture in this country, we can be mailed only up to a certain point. As soon as we start marching in any somebody from a beat wave or a**

**I've always done things myself. When I was about six, I made a go-cart. You couldn't steer it and you'd be doing things on wheels down the street. But I remember telling my brother, "I'm going for my own making." He's very used to him me about that cart.**

**I know playwriting, a great story my age, we were simply not prepared to face the fact that their play wasn't a good. Mike weren't I thought. Either I do this idea or I'm gonna get out of it. I'm not gonna spend the rest of my life being a fool.**

**See is always trouble. That's part of why it's so pleasurable—because for a moment the cloud lifts and then descends again. I find myself interested in what I'm looking at.**

**I don't believe in the afterlife. I don't believe there is a God. These hole things are dead.**

**I'm a writer, as I wrote. That's my job. But as we are often a job. I just have a terrifically pleasant feeling if I create a form that completes itself and you can walk around it. It's a whole object.**

**Some people should never get married. Not everyone has that combination of dependency. You're leaning on somebody, and the other to support somebody else, it just doesn't exist in some people.**

**I could write about a man only because I could do it. Most of my work before *Death of a Salesman*, 84 percent of it was a failure. My name, *Willy Loman* came along. I knew how he felt.**

**Some failures are right. And some people fail because society isn't ready for them. That's what makes it so difficult.**

**You should read because it's pleasure. Or go to the theater because it's a pleasure. That's what it's about. In fact, even the pleasure of misery if that happens to be the nature of the heart.**

**Whoever I am, somebody has touch with God. I look for the cent.**

**The only thing that I am reasonably sure of is that anybody who's got an ideology has stopped thinking.**

**When plays were written as verse, by the very nature of the language intended toward what I call prophecy. The tragedy of springing out of the dead level of contemporary reality. And we don't write that way much anymore, so something else has to come—that spirit of coming disaster or coming happiness or something wrong.**

**I believe in work. If somebody doesn't create something, however small it may be, he gets sick. As a lot of people feel that they're tracking water—that if they watched it make, it wouldn't mean anything in this world. And that's a despairing and destructive feeling. It'll kill you.**

**The more you do better. It may be a good thing to get it out in the open. You turn on the television now and they're screaming on the television. That's part of life. Why hide it in a basement somewhere and get a lot of gasp to distribute it?**

**Publications are us, which is very dangerous. If they weren't on, it would be a lot better.**

**We have never, in my opinion, met up with this kind of social system, which is extremely intelligent and has terrific control over the political life of the country. They're representing the rich people in a way that I didn't think was as blatantly possible. It's almost inescapable. As though, Okay, if you can make it, you're one of us. If you can't make it, too bad, Jack. Some of the monkeys fell off the tree.**

**To write any kind of imaginary work, you gotta follow your word. You gotta be ready to be blown out of existence. Lots of times, the blood is on the face.**





**TRK ANGLES //** KELLE, 48; KRANE, 18; KECK, 13 From left: Two-button single-breasted cotton corduroy sport coat (\$295) and zip-front hooded cotton sweater (\$225) by Joseph Abboud; belgian drape collar shirt (\$131) by Hickey Freeman; cotton cargo pants by Calvin Klein; suede sneakers by Timberland; Calvin Klein (\$129); by Joseph Abboud; cotton and polyester t-shirt with zip jacket (\$92) by Fred Perry; two-button cotton T-shirt (\$35) by Abercrombie & Fitch; cotton cargo pants (\$64) by Arden; wool sweater (\$95) by Fred Perry; \$250 sportswear with sport package (\$1999) by Brat



**THE GAMMILLS //** BROOKS, 2; KENNETH JR., 34; BRIGGS, 2; BARCLAY, 6; KENNETH, 46; CHANDLER BATES JR., 82 From left: Suede jacket (\$495) by Tarnery Hillier; wool sweater (\$129) and cotton-nylon shirt (\$105) by ERM; cotton t-shirt (\$52) by Levi's; leather shoes by Calvin Klein; cotton-cashmere and cotton-nylon jacket by Tarnery Hillier; cotton-cashmere t-shirt by Levi's; cotton trousers (\$105) by ERM; leather lace-up (\$199) by Ralph Lauren; four-piece fleece-lined jacket (\$225) by Hickey Freeman; wool sweater (\$95) by Body Bones; cotton shirt (\$53) and cotton trousers (\$65) by Ralph Lauren; leather shoes (\$195) by Kenneth Cole; leather bag (\$55) by Coach

» IT'S SATURDAY IN SUBURBIA.

## MEANING HARDWORKING GUYS



**THE PLAYERS //** MICHAEL 12, JOHN 18, KENTIN 47, PATRICK 16. From left: Cottonyugly shirt (\$45), Fred Perry polo and cardigan cashmere sweater (\$695) by Brunello Cucinelli, cotton shorts (\$40) by Patrice, 60-80 per cent wool sweater by Arden, wool sweater (\$125) by Brunello Cucinelli, cotton T shirt (\$25) by Tommy Hilgner, polyester and cotton sweat pants (\$300) by V.3, Wool MonthV neck sweater (\$695) by Marc Jacobs, cotton polo shirt (\$45) by Fred Perry, cotton cashmere shorts (\$25) by Alexander McQueen, 4 Pich



THE WYMAN'S // PETER JR. DA JOHN, LE HENRY LE PETER, 49 Third St. Cotton polo shirt (\$33) wool sweater (\$39) And cashmere (\$135) Polo by Ralph Lauren sweater by Adidas. Cotton polo shirt (\$35) cotton shirt (\$38) and cotton shorts (\$35) Polo by Ralph Lauren. Sweaters by Adidas. Cotton polo shirt (\$35) cotton shirt (\$38) And cashmere shorts (\$42) Polo by Ralph Lauren. Wool and cashmere sweater (\$145) cashmere shirt (\$35) and fleece overalls (\$39) Polo by Ralph Lauren. Watch by David Arora.



**THE GODSONS** // PHILIP, 37; STEVEN, 43; RAPHAEL, 37 From left: Wool sweater (Jas Gawronski), fur vest (Silloni) by Diane Vreeland, cotton henley shirt and cotton T shirt by Calvin Klein, three-button single-breasted wool suit (Jil 246) by Rickie Freeman, cotton T-shirt (Jil) by Tommy Hilgert, wool blend vest (Silloni), wool sweater (Jil 246), and cotton trousers (Jil 246) by Bone Island, cotton shirt (Jil) by Regan



**THE MALLORES** // EDWARD, 66; SPENCER, 28 From left: Wool jacket, spread collar cotton shirt, and wrap (Hugoboss) by Armani, cotton T-shirt (Hugoboss), and cotton pajamas by George Armani, hooded cotton shirt (Jil 246) by Bone Island, fur vest (Silloni) by Diane Vreeland, and cotton T-shirt (Jil 246) by Rickie Freeman

88 AND INSTEAD SPEND A LITTLE TIME OUT WITH THE BOYS.



**THE NOELSCHER 77 CARRETT 66 CREG 46** From the 1960s to the 1980s, the Noelscher family owned and operated the Carrett 66 Creg 46, a small, one-story building that served as a popular spot for the family to relax and enjoy the outdoors. The building was built in 1966 and was the last of its kind in the area. It was a simple, functional structure that provided a place for the family to gather and enjoy the outdoors. The building was built on a small plot of land and was surrounded by trees and other vegetation. It was a popular spot for the family to relax and enjoy the outdoors, and it was a place where they could spend time together and enjoy the beauty of the outdoors. The building was built in 1966 and was the last of its kind in the area. It was a simple, functional structure that provided a place for the family to gather and enjoy the outdoors. The building was built on a small plot of land and was surrounded by trees and other vegetation. It was a popular spot for the family to relax and enjoy the outdoors, and it was a place where they could spend time together and enjoy the beauty of the outdoors.



THE PEACOCK // JUAN, 48, JOHN, 14. Peacocks, CoR: cotton shirt and trousers by Ross Hugo Boss; wool and cotton blend sweater by Calvin Klein; leather dress shirt by CoR; shirt and sweater by Ross Hugo Boss; leather shoes S90 by Timberland. For more information, visit page 125. Produced by A. Productions Inc. / Aurelie@peacockproduction.com. Shooting by S&S in the New York City.

## The Body

[illegible]

However, can all this go?

fasted to a meal at this point, especially one delivering this, even as a largely off-the-menu addition, Botton groaned (Bloomberg 2010). In million last year The company has also made its progress to further prove Botton's efficacy for breakfast, continue to work on and out-of-the-squary, and is some point. It's not and probably got FDA approval for these uses. Doctors and leaders under way to confirm successful findings that Botton can even be effective against America's most underpowered op-diamond obesity issues injections into the lining of the stomach can show movements of food through the gut, thus keeping overweight people from eating. (Botton, Inc.)

But Enates may also witness a back-bite. Propensity for cosmetic purposes will inevitably attract less-than-sterile practitioners, leading, perhaps, to a reversal of the beauty status: either in the future, especially if misperceptions do become too aggressive with the trade names. Enates is also in the same competitive class as another product known as Mykolite, which was approved for use in sprays of the neck muscle in 2000 and has been used for cosmetic purposes by some plastic surgeons ever since. Mykolite is based on a different formulation (D-lysine HCl) so no actual difference in their use should be so acute.

But the sugar-sweetened foods could be a part of the human body's own immune system. There is a chance your system may develop antibodies in a certain time, rendering it less and less effective. That might be sleep if the only downside is that you have to start wearing your wrinkle-free tops. But suppose foods don't act on and to the blood more for Feline diabetes, and keep you sane down with the disease. You might be charged to discover that foods won't work for you because you got addicted to a years before to some of your desired foods. ■

## Schwarzenegger

(continued from page 40) it is up? You don't want to start, I think more or less have to wait. So I wouldn't have to take Cosmo and, which would mean I could ride the motorcycle again because if you have an accident, you're dead to death. I wanted to make sure I could still do my career, do my career. So I didn't want to deal with any of that. I didn't want to think that I'd be different, maybe now I'm different. I'm doing everything I like to do."

"It's a piece of cake," he tells the boy he spends roughly "10" just want you to know—no drugs, no..."

"Gee," the boy whispers.  
"Burgery's quick, a few days in the hospital, you recover, you go home, and you can do the sports again, better than ever before: you will have much more energy than I have in there, all right? Promise?"  
—Lorraine, "The New Year"

[illegible]

that she would not kill her father if he would add a possible mother to the mix—who after winning the 1964 Olympic crown, put on an alien Monrovia newspaper advertising "European hair" (think, shampoo two years waiting for hair to grow in people's backyards) to pay for living expenses and broiled her when she got pregnant—dirty then (that's the word), then (that's the word) dirty—then (that's the word) to improve hair—the word is he could become the world's greatest father star. Trust he has killed the impossible and unimpossible. And pay attention yourself what happens when you take a man from his job, when there were to be no more impossible left. And you could of California, with a 100 billion deficit and its porous borders and its ever rising north-south divide and its other things, California is impossible.

In the auditorium, Behrman says, "I watch a remarkable class in which two students speak about how in their English accents. No one is in the audience of his luscious laughter louder than he does. When it is his turn to speak, he steps to the podium and tells the students, 'Each one of you can do anything you want to do, on matter what your goals are.' And his reiteration might just be a broadside from a coach who wants to be a politician, but

feed-looking night, goshes, the land with fifty-year-old faces who don't go for celebrities or up-with-a-people messages, clapping hard as than the little kids, and they don't even know that Schwarzenegger is a hands-on dad to bloom burbells as he unleashes a weight room of his Austrian pride as a hot hot parents believe that he might be insane for demanding of becoming the world's most perfect man.

Schwarzenegger's wife, the journalist Maria Shriver, does not want her husband to be governor. But he believes he can do more good for people by privately championing the causes he believes in.

"The main, every good point," Schwarzenegger says, never permits a moment of rest around in the Summer's front end as a reluctant diversion to his Detroit airport. He spends of the day satisfaction he is taken in designing bodybuilding programs for prosumers, working with the Special Olympics, serving as the chairman for the President's Council on Physical Fitness, leading Inner-City Games there again, doing a fitness symposium that travels half a million miles. He considers his mother as, less, Eileen Shriver, the founder of the Special Olympics, not his hero. He told her, "The impact you have is greater than any other politician. No one, not even your brothers, had that kind of impact on so many and so many of people. And you accept it for office."

The lifeline pulls into an airport side road, rumbling across tarmac and stopping at the tail of an awaiting GA. Schweinsberger's prime jet. He sidles in. Finally tonight he's in. Little City Games founder is in Thurgood. As he climbs inside, two internet of things trainers enter, gold-plated metal belt buckles, and waving lobster tail. Besides that this case would drive home if you flip the mechanism of California's evolution course. [www.foxnews.com/story/2016/05/12/elon-musk-tesla-robotaxi](http://www.foxnews.com/story/2016/05/12/elon-musk-tesla-robotaxi)

[illegible][illegible]

they will dig for every piece of dirt. He says he's ready. "Don't cry for me," he says. "If I couldn't take it, I wouldn't go into it."

And he will answer about his father. Dutton is a member of the State party as an American politician. Three ago after winning the Vice President of the National Leadership Award for his support of Holocaust studies, Schwann suggested even as he is there in one single his father's past.

"I told them I wanted to know everything," Schwann says. "They came back and had to deliver a card, which everyone had to sign, but there was no war crime. And that was the end of that."

Not a free sample, Schwanenegg looks out the airplane window, watching America pass beneath. A career politician might have ended the discussion here. The next question

[www.elsevier.com/locate/ymbs](http://www.elsevier.com/locate/ymbs)

"Shaking movies to me now is how lively-looking it felt in 1933 or 1934, when I kept contemplating retiring every year," he says. "It didn't occur then much to me anymore. It was just life going through a routine. I came back to '30 because they did *Pumping Iron* and said it'd only way we can do that movie is if you are in it. So I said, OK, one more year. Because I find life that with the movie business, that I've been forced to a choice."

The place books also find approach to Philosophy in. Soon, Schwartz suggests looking again to deans and advisors. But first he looks at class. He asks others "It's not just about my career or about me, but about representing millions and millions of people. Imagine the joy in that. Imagine how intense you can get about that."

in a private dining room in Philadelphia's Blue Moon Center. \$1,000 donors mingle with Schwannegger and ask him about the Transamerica 5-a woman mile run. "The American, not to wish her bad luck, 'Blosser' perfect." As one diner nifts, the woman who runs the local lower-City Comics chapter lifts guests about how the race was recruited by Schwannegger after the two had spent about children's basketball on the C of A. "I think it might have been only once something," she says.

The group agrees to a private run to watch the Boston game. After the meal, Schwannegger has champagne brought in and she leads a

Somehow, Vasily Alexeyev bargues, Russian people have entered into the conversation. "I've got a good story about Alexeyev" he says.

"Always get tested for HIV because the psychology of 500 pounds screened up all the weight lifters," Schwartzenegger says. "We lifted, but when they weighed it, they found it to be 40 and a half." This same year, an *ESPN* label cost \$500.

Schwartzman says he writes at the moment but there is a glint in his eye, a smile he holds just longer than necessary and it is comical. Even the great Murray didn't ask for five hundred pounds. But maybe once in a while a man needs to ask for the weight. Maybe once in a while a man needs to ask for the immortality.

"I he could do it, he just didn't know that he could do it," he says.

A few moments later, Schwarzenegger walks onto the court to receive an official welcome for his home-city games and is greeted with a hero's ovation. The crowd cheers wildly at this surprise visit from the Terminator, standing there in street clothes. And as Schwarzenegger lifts his hand to acknowledge the applause, he is waving motioned therein the tonight's workout, and it looks like all the world that the Terminator, with his intense and efficient, workout has reached. **M**

**Esquire** MEN'S MARKETPLACE

**A Different Kind of Hair Transplant.**  
Call Today to Schedule your Free Video & Consultation!  
**1 (866) 831-4422**  
Dr. Mark J. Lander  
Founder & Medical Director  
Advanced Hair Restoration  
Financing Available  
[www.mhrl.com](http://www.mhrl.com)

**CMH MEDICAL HAIR RESTORATION**  
The Natural Choice



**JOHN & CHRISTIAN**  
DESIGNERS & CRAFTSMEN



*Your Anniversary Date*  
IN ROMAN NUMERALS?  
September 11, 1958  
3-11-58 or 9-11-58  
1.95 Gold \$950

© Your Rights Reserved - First Class only

**RINGBOX.COM 1-888-848-4568**

TBP 4 Men®  
tbp4men.com

**Finally, A High-Protein Drink that Actually Tastes Good**

- 40g of Protein
- Perfect for Low Carb Diets
- South-Beach Taste
- Unique Powder in a Bottle Design
- No Frings/Weighty No Blender
- Ideal for at work or at the gym
- No Sugar or Artificial Sweeteners
- Three Great Flavors

Call 800-824-7486 for a free sample  
Check out [www.rethinktand.com](http://www.rethinktand.com)

**Hair Loss Help!**

- \* Tested by doctors worldwide
- \* Instantly appears thick & natural
- \* Smooth & touchable
- \* Seers or sweat
- \* Natural looking
- \* Healthy follicle
- \* Dreads my spray
- \* No odor
- \* Free trial color

**DermMatch®**  
 Free Brochure  
 800-925-2824 [www.dermmatch.com](http://www.dermmatch.com)



Keep it simple, men.  
Shower, shampoo, splash and shave with  
**The Body Perfect® for Men**  
Personal products that get results.

800.247.2405





# (the Best of MAPQUEST)

(this way out)

by brian frazer



## FROM LINCOLN'S INN TO WASHINGTON'S BAR

**DIRECTIONS**  
1. Start out NORTH toward LEFT WORMS.  
2. Merge onto ROAD.  
3. Turn LEFT at CHICK.  
4. Pass ROCKAWAY.  
5. Head SOUTHWEST at an intersection with BOWHEAD.  
6. Make RIGHT at Washington's BAR.  
004 miles  
003 miles  
004 miles  
03 miles  
004 miles

Total Estimated Time: 3 days  
Total Distance: 000 miles

## FROM 4545 SUNSET BLVD TO 4545 SUNSET BLVD

**DIRECTIONS**  
1. Start out going EAST on SUNSET.  
2. Back to your RIGHT. Move neck 45 degrees South.  
001 miles

Total Estimated Time: 10 seconds  
Total Distance: 001 miles

## FROM CELINE DION'S VEGAS MANSION BEDROOM TO CELINE DION'S VEGAS MANSION KITCHEN

**DIRECTIONS**  
1. Start out NORTH toward Is by 24 painting of CELINE.  
2. Turn RIGHT at point brass/copying of CELINE.  
3. Pass 41 wall road photo of CELINE.  
4. Turn LEFT and go THROUGH tunnel in the shape of CELINE'S NOOD.  
5. Merge RIGHT at CELINE NAKED MUSEUM.  
6. Pass 41st street police of Dealer with emerald CELINE among the no ring.  
7. Continue STRAIGHT when you see singing microphone ROBOT with blind highlights.  
37 miles  
1.2 miles  
23 miles  
140 miles  
88 miles  
120 miles

Total Estimated Time: 27 hours, 43 minutes, although it'll last like looking forever!  
Total Distance: 5.66 miles

## FROM ATLANTIS TO PISCATAWAY MALL

**DIRECTIONS**  
1. Start out swimming \$2,000 to home UP.  
2. Stay LEFT when you hit AIR.  
3. Walk across OCEAN\* until you reach VERIZANO BRIDGE. Head WEST.  
4. Take the exit toward ROUTE 28.  
5. Mail will be on your RIGHT.  
60.23 miles  
07 miles  
3.9K 6 miles  
33.25 miles  
004 miles

Total Estimated Time: 3 days, 10 hours, 18 minutes  
Total Distance: 3,757.20 miles  
\* Jaws only

## FROM COSTCO ENTRANCE TO GOS FOOD

**DIRECTIONS**  
1. Start out heading EAST past the SLOES OF SAUERBRAY.  
2. Head NORTH past the women giving out copies of John Deere's THE KING OF TOYS.  
3. Pass the PHILADELPHIA OF 9 SOUTH BATH TOWERS.  
4. Turn LEFT at the WINTER MILLION PARTY PACKS.  
5. Make a U-TURN at the PIZZA SHOP.  
6. Drop load will be on your RIGHT, given stack up.  
2.6 miles  
31 miles  
19 miles  
4.77 miles  
1.2 miles

Total Estimated Time: 11 hours, 4 minutes  
Total Distance: 15.5 miles

## FROM ESOPHAGUS TO COCCYX

**DIRECTIONS**  
1. Start out SOUTH past LARYNX.  
2. Turn RIGHT at RIGHT VENTRICLE.  
3. Stay SOUTHWEST until you pass GALLBLADDER.  
4. Merge SOUTH at AOS CURVE.  
90003 miles  
9001 miles  
90003 miles  
90004 miles

Total Estimated Time: 4 minutes  
Total Distance: 90003 miles, though depends on bone structure  
\* Jaws 100 HAYS AND INVESTING 5





## **ABSOLUT PATIENCE.**

A martini can be made in as little as 63 seconds.

An ABSOLUT martini, however, requires a bit more lead time. 10 months to grow the winter wheat, and 50,000 years for our water source, a bedrock aquifer, to form.

OUR DEVOTION TO PERFECTION IS ABSOLUT.